

THE ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE

Is published every Friday, at Salem, Ohio, by the Executive Committee of the Western Anti-Slavery Society, and is the only paper in the Great West which advocates action from pro-slavery governments and pro-slavery church organizations. It is edited by B. H. S. and J. E. L. and is published weekly, while urging upon the people the duty of holding "No Union with Slaveholders," either in Church or State, as the only consistent position an abolitionist can occupy, and as the best means for the destruction of slavery; it will, so far as its limits permit, give a history of the daily progress of the anti-slavery cause, exhibit the policy and practice of slaveholders, and by facts and arguments endeavor to increase the zeal and activity of every true lover of Freedom. In addition to its anti-slavery matter, it will contain general news, choice extracts, moral tales, &c. It is to be hoped that all the friends of the Western Anti-Slavery Society—all the advocates of the Disunion movement, will do what they can to aid in the support of the paper, by extending its circulation. You who live in the West should sustain the paper that is published in your midst. The Bugle is printed on the 10th of the month, and is furnished to subscribers on the following terms:

TERMS.
\$1.00 per annum, if paid on, or before the receipt of the 1st No.
\$1.25 if not paid in advance, but paid within 6 mos. of the time of subscribing; and \$1.50 if payment be delayed longer than 3 mos.

No subscription received for less than six months, and all payments to be made within 6 mos. of the time of subscribing. Subscriptions for less than one year to be paid *invariably* in advance.

We occasionally send numbers to those who are not subscribers, but who are believed to be interested in the dissemination of anti-slavery truth, with the hope that they will either subscribe themselves, or use their influence to extend its circulation among their friends.

Communications intended for insertion to be addressed to the Editors. All others to the Publishing Agent, JAMES HANNAH.

TO SUBSCRIBERS AND AGENTS.
The publishers of the Bugle have been put to great inconvenience and considerable expense, in consequence of those with whom they have business transactions neglecting to bear in mind a few necessary rules and regulations which may be thus stated:

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From the Liberator.

Letter from Hiram Wilson.

DAWN MILLS, Canada West, Sept. 27 '48.
EDMUND QUINCY, Esq.:

Dear Sir—Some weeks ago, while in Boston, I received a donation from a friend of humanity, who desired of me information, through the Liberator, respecting the colored population of Canada West. As he had the promise of information, which may equally gratify others, I proceed, without further apology, to give it.

The colored population of Canada has been variously estimated at from fifteen to twenty thousand. As the laws here know no man by the color of his skin, there has never been a distinct census taken of them. I think the number would fall a little short of 20,000; some having emigrated to the West Indies, and many returned to the Northern States, where they are comparatively safe, though not Constitutionally so. As an asylum for the fugitive, Canada West is a desirable country, much more so than is generally supposed. The climate is mild and salubrious, the soil unusually fertile and productive, and boundlessly rewards the hand of industry. The fugitive having been accustomed to toil in the South, can, if industrious, subsist here comfortably; if lazy, he will suffer, and ought to die—for he that will not work, neither should he eat; and failing to eat, he will surely die. I have never yet, however attended the funeral of one who died of starvation in Canada, nor even heard of such an instance. As among the white inhabitants, some are more industrious, and consequently more comfortable and prosperous, than others. Recently there has been a marked decrease in the emigration to this country from the "house of bondage," for the reason that civilization is increasing in the Northern States, and many are stopping by the way. Should barbarism entirely disappear from the North, and the golden rule of Christianity, which is loudly professed, become the governing principle, the fugitive slave would no longer be compelled to fly naked and desolate to the realms of Victoria for liberty and protection. I have the pleasure of saying, that fugitive slaves are now better furnished with the means of comfort on their way than formerly; hence their necessities are not so great after they get here. What they most need is instruction, as they generally come into Canada deplorably ignorant of letters. At three different points they are receiving instruction, viz: Amherstburg, 20 miles below Detroit, and 20 from the St.

ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

"NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS."

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WHOLE NO. 169.

Chain river, and at the Queen's Bush, 50 miles north-west of Lake Ontario. At these points the gospel is preached, religious education promoted, and clothing, books, &c., distributed among the destitute. At Amherstburg, Isaac J. Rice and his wife, formerly from Northern Ohio, and Miss Anna Gibbs, of Boston, are laboring with becoming zeal. Fugitives more frequently reach that point than any other in Canada. At Queen's Bush, where the settlement is large, John S. Brooks, formerly from Massachusetts, and his wife, from Bloomfield, Maine, are laboring with Christian fortitude and facility, in peculiarly trying circumstances; also, Elias E. Kirkland and his wife, who previously to 1846, spent two years in Down. Bro. K. is a worthy, faithful, and happy man, who the Wesleyans, at the East, have undertaken to support him. At Dawn, the writer of this is on hand, serving as a missionary, local and at large, endeavoring to do his duty, aided by his wife and Mrs. Lorana Parker, the latter from Onondaga county, N. Y. She has for several years had the charge of the juvenile school, a better than which is not to be found in this part of Canada. Number of scholars 30.—She requires a new school-house, and might have 40 to 50 scholars. The Manual Labor Institute is not at present in so flourishing a condition as is desirable. It has never accomplished much in the summer season, for the reason that young men choose to be out at service; in the winter it is usually thronged. There is not so much encouragement for meeting adults as youths and children, and the trustees are disposed to attend more to the latter, and as soon as practicable to open a department for the reception and instruction of orphans between the ages of 7 and 14 years. Dawn is the only place in Canada where property is held by trustees for the advancement of education. Here it consists of 300 acres of the very best of land, at the head of navigation, on a beautiful stream, 100 acres improved; a few buildings, including a steam saw mill, worth about \$3000. The whole property might be estimated at about \$12,000.

Here are vast resources yet undeveloped, by means of which thousands of colored people might obtain a comfortable livelihood. The place is new, and the population small, but rapidly increasing. A nucleus has been formed, around which great interests may yet cluster. This settlement is, as it should be, surrounded and somewhat interspersed with white people. I have always opposed exclusive settlements, and am equally opposed to exclusive schools. Let white and colored people mingle together, and have their children educated together in the same schools, and the low, vulgar prejudices which prevail would soon disappear. A considerable number of the colored children of Canada have free access to existing schools, in common with white children. This has been brought about since my efforts commenced among them. One word in regard to our support. We are here serving the cause of philanthropy as volunteers, having no regular or reliable support guaranteed us from any source under the heavens. We work under no sectarian auspices. Our mission is purely anti-slavery, and if entitled to the confidence of abolitionists, ought to be supported by them.

I have thought proper to state these facts, because many suppose we are well cared for by the American churches, which is far from being the case, or that an Anti-Slavery Board called the American Missionary Association, sustains us, which is a great mistake. The latter serves only as a channel through which help comes, if particularly designated for our mission, or for schools connected with it, and not otherwise. Our receipts through this channel are small compared with our necessities, and much of the time it is our lot to suffer. These things are perplexing, and ought not to be so. I would further state what I know to be true of others as well as myself, that we are obliged, after planning wisely, economizing closely, and working prodigiously hard with our own hands much of the time to maintain our footing and continue our services, to sacrifice our own efforts, or put what little worldly substance we have in jeopardy, to keep up credit, and credit we live; and frequently the poor are suffering while boxes of clothing intended for their relief are waiting at ports for months, subject to charges of freightage which it is not in our power to meet. Such is the fact at the present time, and it is a shame that it is so. I have no appeal to make, having often made them to but little purpose. What little substance I possess is serving me, as the basis of credit, till help shall come from some source, or my labors here terminate. This is a sad picture, but the truth must be told. I may never be heard from again, but would say, in conclusion, that those generous friends who have sympathized with the forlorn fugitive and aided me in my work, have my sincere thanks and best wishes.

Very respectfully yours,
HIRAM WILSON.

H. W.

Zhinga the African Queen.

History furnishes very few instances of bravery, intelligence and perseverance, equal to the famous Zhinga, the negro queen of Angola, born in 1582. Like other despotic princes, her character is stained with numerous acts of ferocity and crime; but her great abilities cannot be for a moment doubted. During her brother's reign, Zhinga was sent as ambassador to Loanda, to negotiate terms of peace with the Portuguese. A palace was prepared for her reception; and she was received with honors due to her rank. On entering the audience-chamber, she perceived that a magnificent chair of state was

prepared for the Portuguese Viceroy, while before of a rich carpet and velvet cushions, embroidered with gold, were arranged on the floor for her use. The haughty princess observed this in silent displeasure. She gave a signal with her eyes, and immediately one of her women knelt on the carpet, supporting her weight on her hands. Zhinga gravely seated herself upon her back, and awaited the entrance of the Viceroy. The spirit and dignity with which she fulfilled her mission excited the admiration of the whole court. When an alliance was offered, upon the condition of an annual tribute to the king of Portugal, she proudly answered:—
"Such proposals are for a vassal, and by force of arms, who voluntarily seeks the friendship of the Portuguese, and who seems to be their vassal."

She finally concluded a treaty, upon the single condition of restoring all the Portuguese prisoners. When the audience was ended, the Viceroy, as he conducted her from the room, remarked that the stately princess who had been seated, still remained in the same posture. Zhinga replied:—
"It is not fit that the ambassador of a great king should be twice served with the same seat. I have no further use for the woman."

Charmed with the politeness of the Europeans, and the evolutions of their troops, the African princess long delayed her departure. Having received instruction in the Christian religion, she professed a deep conviction of its truth. Whether this was sincere, or merely assumed for political motives, is uncertain. During her visit, she received baptism, and then, forty years old, she returned to Angola loaded with presents and honors. Her brother, notwithstanding a solemn promise to preserve the treaty which she had formed, soon made war upon the Portuguese. He was defeated, and soon after died of poison; some said his death was contrived by Zhinga. She ascended the throne, and having artfully obtained possession of her nephew's person, she strangled him with her own hands. Revenge, as well as ambition, impelled her to this crime; for her brother had, many years before, murdered her son, lest he should claim the crown. The Portuguese increased so fast in numbers, wealth and power, that the people of Angola became jealous of them, and earnestly desired war. Zhinga, having formed an alliance with the Dutch, and with several neighboring chiefs, began the contest with great vigor. She obtained several victories, at first, but was finally driven from her kingdom with great loss. Her conquerors offered to re-establish her on the throne, if she would consent to pay tribute. She haughtily replied:—"If my cowardly subjects are willing to bear numerous tributes, I cannot refuse even the thought of dependence upon any foreign power."

In order to subdue her stubborn spirit the Portuguese placed a king of their own choosing upon the throne of Angola. This exasperated Zhinga to such a degree, that she vowed everlasting hatred against her enemies, and publicly abjured their religion. At the head of an intrepid and ferocious band, she, during eighteen years, perpetually harassed the Portuguese. She could neither be subdued by force of arms, nor appeased by presents. She demanded complete restitution of her territories, and treated every other proposal with the utmost scorn. Once, when closely besieged in an island, she asked a short time to reflect on the terms of surrender. The request being granted, she silently guided her troops through the river at midnight, and carried fire and sword into the portion of the enemy's territory.

The total defeat of the Hollanders, and the death of her sister, who had been taken captive during the war, softened her spirit. She became filled with remorse for having renounced the Christian religion. She treated her prisoners more mercifully, and gave orders that the captive priests should be attended with the utmost reverence. They perceived the change, and lost no opportunity of regaining their convert. The queen was ready to comply with their wishes, but feared a revolt among her subjects and allies, who were strongly attached to the customs of their fathers, and who, by numerous artifices, worked so powerfully upon the superstitious fears of the people, that they were prepared to hail Zhinga's return to the Catholic faith with joy.

The queen, thus reconciled to the church, signed a treaty of peace; took the Capuchins for her counsellors; dedicated her capital city to the Virgin, under the name of Saint Mary of Matamba; and erected a large church, idolatry was forbidden, under the most rigorous penalties; and not a few fell martyrs to Zhinga's fiery zeal.

A law prohibiting polygamy excited discontent. Zhinga, though seventy-five years old, publicly patronized marriage, by espousing one of her courtiers; and her sister was induced to give the same example. The Portuguese again tried to make her a vassal to the crown; but the priests, notwithstanding their almost unlimited influence, could never obtain her consent to this degradation. In 1657, one of her tributaries having violated the treaty of peace, she marched at the head of her troops, defeated the rebel, and sent his head to the Portuguese.

In 1658, she made war upon a neighboring king, who had attacked her territories; and, after a triumph, she having compelled him to submit to such conditions as she saw fit to impose. The same year, she abolished the cruel custom of immolating human victims on the tombs of princes; and founded a new city, ornamented with a beautiful church and palace.

She soon after sent an embassy to the Pope, requesting more missionaries among her people. The Pontiff's answer was publicly read in the church, where Zhinga appeared with a numerous and brilliant train. At a festival in honor of this occasion she and the ladies of her court performed a mimic battle, in the dress and armor of Amazons. Though more than eighty years old, this remarkable woman displayed as much

strength, agility, and skill, as she could have done twenty-five. She died in 1683, and, eight days after, lay in state in a magnificent tomb, adorned with precious stones, with a low and narrow archway, the body was shown to her sorrowing subjects. It was then, according to her wish, clothed in the Capuchin habit, with crucifix and rosary.

The Case of the Edmondson Sisters.

The following statement and correspondence were read before a meeting of the pastorate of the First Colored Presbyterian Church, New York, Brooklyn, and

whereupon it was, on motion,—
"Resolved, That Rev. Dr. Peck, Rev. E. E. Griswold, and Rev. D. Curry, be a committee to take measures to call a meeting for the purpose of laying the matter of the Edmondson girls before the public."

In pursuance of the design of their appointment, the committee have resolved to publish the statement and correspondence in the form of an appeal to their fellow-citizens, for aid in accomplishing an object which most commend itself to all who will be at the pains to peruse the following pages.

The committee have also decided to get up a public meeting in the Broadway Tabernacle, on Monday evening, October 23, where an opportunity will be afforded for those who may desire to contribute to the fund intended to be raised.

STATEMENT.

A few weeks since, a colored man, seventy years of age, came from Washington city to New York, for the purpose of making an appeal for aid in purchasing two of his daughters from Slavery. About the time of his arrival, a statement of facts appeared in one of our daily papers, written by a gentleman who has resided for some time at Washington, and who had become acquainted with the history and present circumstances of the old man and his family. A few extracts from his narrative will exhibit the principal features of this interesting case:

"Paul Edmondson was born into Slavery in Montgomery county, Maryland, eighteen miles from Washington. He still lives in the same neighborhood. At the age of forty-two he obtained his freedom by the gift of his master. By industry, economy, and thrift, he has acquired a comfortable little household of forty acres, on which he now lives at the age of seventy years. He has reared a family of fifteen children. Fourteen are still alive; one daughter, having died at the age of sixteen. His wife, Milly, was sold to a white man. At an early period, in the distribution of an estate, she fell to the lot of one Rebecca Culver. The two had grown up together from childhood. The mistress has always had a guardian of her person and trustee of her property. The person now her guardian and trustee is Francis Valdenor, whose wife is a niece of his ward, and an heir apparent of her estate. Mr. Valdenor is a man of some standing in the neighborhood, and is a State tobacco inspector at Baltimore. These Edmondsons are not an ordinary family, as you will perceive in the sequel. They have the impulse of manhood and freedom gushing through their veins. Five of the sisters now reside in Washington. They are married and are all of them in comfortable circumstances; fine in their personal appearance—modest, well-behaved, estimable women. One of them paid \$300 only for herself; she was an invalid. The doctor told her she would soon die, and she had better not make the attempt. Her reply was, 'I'll do it, and be free. I'll die the next hour!' Another paid \$325 for her freedom, whose constitution was delicate. The oldest a noble-looking and noble-minded woman, purchased her rights at \$450, some years ago, before prices were as high as at present. The two younger of these five married sisters paid \$500 a piece for themselves. Four brothers and two younger sisters, Mary and Emily, were on the 'Pearl.' They were brought back with the rest, and sold to the speculators for the New Orleans market, for \$750 a piece all round. One brother, Richard, has been brought, brought back, and made free. The sisters have also been brought back, and are now in the trader's pen in Alexandria, in whose behalf an appeal will soon be made. The other three brothers have been sold in New Orleans."

In evidence of the genuine character of his claim on the sympathies of our citizens, the father had been furnished with the following testimonial. The peculiar phraseology of the first certificate may well attract the special attention of those who shall peruse such a document for the first time.

ALEXANDRIA, Va., Sept. 5, 1848.

The bearer, Paul Edmondson, is the father of two girls, Mary Jane, and Emily Catherine Edmondson. These girls have been purchased by us, and once sent to the South; and upon the positive assurance that the money for them would be raised if they were brought back, they were returned. Nothing appears, as yet been done in this respect by those who promised, and we are on the very eve of sending them South, the second time; and we will not regard any promise if they go again, we will not regard any promise to raise money to pay for them; and intends to appeal to the liberality of the humane and the good to aid him, and has requested us to state in writing the conditions upon which we will sell his daughters.

We expect to start our servants to the South in a few days; if the sum of twelve hundred (\$1200) dollars be raised and paid to us in fifteen days, or we be assured of that sum, then we will retain them for twenty-five days more to give an opportunity for the raising of the other thousand and fifty (\$1050) dollars; otherwise we shall be compelled to send them along with our other servants.

BRUN & HILL.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 5, 1848.

The bearer of this paper, Paul Edmondson, has two daughters, Mary and Emily, about the ages of seventeen and fifteen. They are girls of uncommon promise, of fine appearance, and have been religiously reared; but they are slaves!

They are now in the prison of their owners in Alexandria. They have been once sent to New Orleans for sale, but were returned through the importunities of their brother, who was then with them.

To save these children from a life which the father and his family so much dread, is the object of this appeal.

The little property saved by himself and other children, they are ready to sacrifice; but it is not enough. I believe his peculiar case to be such a one as should come up in remembrance, and find favor amid the splendid charities of the day.

J. BIGELOW.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 4, 1848.

I hereby certify, that the bearer, Paul Edmondson, has two daughters, aged about fourteen and sixteen years, now in the hands of Bruin & Hill, slave-dealers in Alexandria; who say, that unless they are "speedily redeemed," their friends, they shall carry them, without delay, to New Orleans. They ask for them \$2,350, a part of which sum has been raised in this city, and for the balance their parents are compelled to appeal to the charitable elsewhere.

HARVEY LINDSEY, M. D.

I cordially recommend the subject of the foregoing appeal to the charitable consideration of my friends, and a humane and Christian public generally.

JOHN F. COOK,

Pastor of First Colored Presbyterian Church, Washington City, D. C.

I sincerely recommend Paul Edmondson to those with whom I am acquainted, and his family being worthy persons.

H. DATCHER.

The following certificate was transmitted from Washington, a short time afterwards:—

Mary Amelia and Emily J. Edmondson, sisters, have been exemplary members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, at the Asbury Chapel, Foundry Station, Washington city, and Baltimore Conference. Amelia joined the church in 1843, and Emily in 1841. Up to the time of their leaving in the schooner "Pearl," they bore irreproachable characters, and, as far as I can learn, have continued to do so up to the present date. They are the daughters of Paul Edmondson, who, for many years, has sustained an unblemished Christian Character. The case of these girls is one that claims the sympathies of the benevolent, and I most earnestly pray that the efforts of their friends may be crowned with success in securing their freedom.

MATTHEW A. TURNER,

Pastor of Asbury Chapel, Washington, October 5, 1848.

These testimonials (with the exception of the last one) were promptly laid before a meeting of sympathizing friends, convened for the purpose of considering what could be done for the relief of these unfortunate sisters; at which a Committee was appointed to apply to the citizens of New York for aid in making up the required amount. But it soon became evident that there was doubt in the public mind, as to the reality of such a large demand being made for two females, both of them yet in their minority. Accordingly a letter was addressed to a highly respectable lawyer at Washington, requesting him to make strict inquiry into the matter, and to ascertain whether they could not be redeemed for a less sum than \$2,350. The following reply received from him, under the mystery, and exhibits the true state of the case, as well as the enormous system of wrong of which it is the legitimate result.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 12, 1848.

DEAR SIR:—I have your letter of the 11th. We had felt the importance from the first of getting a reasonable price fixed for the purchase of the Edmondson girls, and I therefore had several interviews, as well as the exchange of many letters; but every effort to procure a reduction of price by the owners has been fruitless. The truth is, and is confessed to be, that their destination is prostitution.

Of this you would be satisfied on seeing them. They are of elegant form, and have very fine faces. They have been well reared, and both are professors of religion! I understand pretty well the character of these owners of the girls. I don't believe that we can get a lower price put upon the girls now; but if we were ready with the cash, we might get them for \$2,000.

Very sincerely yours.

Notwithstanding the positive assurances of this letter, it was thought advisable to make further efforts for the reduction of the price; and, for this purpose, an intelligent and philanthropic individual, who was about to visit Washington, was engaged to give the necessary attention to the case. A regular correspondence has been maintained; the result of which will be learned from a perusal of the following extracts of letters received from time to time.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 25, 1848.

DEAR FRIEND:—I have in every way been embarrassed and delayed in reaching a conclusion in reference to the weighty matter in hand.

If my suggestion meets with approbation, it will only remain to raise the cash for the redemption of the girls. It is a task, to be sure; but it can be done, and I hope will be entered upon with cool determination. It is the best missionary test for New York ever put into the mouth of a moral man, who has a heart and tongue to denounce Slavery, and plead for mercy and humanity! Let the tale

be rung through every church and congregation in the city. The girls Methodist Members to be sold for prostitution! Mark that! But you know it all.

Washington, Sept. 30, 1848.

DEAR FRIEND:—I will further state to you distinctly, and briefly as may be, the result of my inquiries and reflections.

The *brokers in humanity* cannot be induced to say anything less than heretofore for the unfortunate sisters, Mary and Emily Edmondson; they insist upon the \$2,350. As to time, they will not say anything definitely. This much I think may be assumed without any risk, the girls will not be sent off for ten or twelve days; and probably more. Action, however, vigorous and decisive, should not be postponed for a single day or hour. Let the means for their redemption be secured at once, and beyond a peradventure! As to the amount to be raised, I think you should not set your mark at \$2,000, and nothing less. The other two hundred and fifty I will engage shall be furnished here. The father, old Mr. Edmondson, to be sure, has a little homestead, the fruit of long years of patient toil and saving; it might be sold for \$500 or \$600 on credit, or incumbered with \$250 or \$300 loan; if the money could be found; but is there a man or woman so willing to see him stripped of his all, and turned out of doors in his old age, with his sorrowing and deceived wife? No such soulless man or woman can be found in our ranks. I feel assured in my inmost heart!

Let me entreat our friends not to look upon this sum, large as it may appear, as so much treasure squandered upon mercenary and unprincipled slave-traders! There is a moral at the bottom of the effort, which may be made to tell with power upon the New York community, and upon the country. It is a *test of faith* from which to preach to the hearts of the people. It can be made to operate more effectively than any other one of circumstance, for the immediate relief of Slavery, and the trade in this District. Let us not fail to improve it. Bring home the facts to the bosom of every minister and church member in New York and Brooklyn. In faith and hope,

Your friend sincerely,

Washington, Oct. 5, 1848.

DEAR FRIEND:—You will learn by the certificate of Mr. Turner, that the girls are actually members of the Episcopal Methodist Church. Mr. Turner is a white clergyman, and is a very respectable and good man.

Mr. Eli Nugent, a man slightly colored, who is one of the leading members in the church, knows the girls intimately; they have belonged to his class nearly two years; he speaks in the highest terms of their capacity, and of their uniform Christian deportment. All their friends and acquaintances bear the same uniform testimony.

If any further satisfaction is needed, by a reference to the Episcopal Methodist year book of the Baltimore Conference, Mr. Turner's name and his present station will be found, as he informs me.

Pray let me hear that a blow is struck.—The girls begin to feel anxious. Bruin & Co. send off, or say they shall, a company next week. It may be indispensable for me to be able to say that the funds will be forthcoming. Having heard nothing definitely, they begin to think the effort abandoned.—Heaven guide your efforts, and prosper the right!

Washington, Oct. 12, 1848.

DEAR—, I have just returned from Alexandria, and have had a most serious interview with Bruin. They have fitted up an establishment—two teams, with provisions, and a camp—two to go South, over land, to Alabama or Mississippi, as interest may lead. The plan is, to trade on the way—to sell, buy, or swap—anything to make money. Thirty-five persons are to go, Mary and Emily Edmondson with the rest, to start before day on Saturday morning. This was the arrangement; but then Bruin is positively willing to keep the girls till they send again, because he is satisfied we shall raise the money. On the other hand, his partner wishes to take them along, as he is going on the trading voyage, and doubts our paying over the money. Bruin says he took the responsibility upon himself to have them brought back from New Orleans, and his partners have blamed him somewhat for it. He feels embarrassed, as he really wishes the girls to stay, and yet does not like to say they shall, unless he can be perfectly certain they will be redeemed. In a word, if I can get their friends here to deposit four or five hundred dollars to-morrow, and agree to forfeit it if the sum is not made up, he will hold on to them, and thus time will be given to secure the entire amount.

As soon as any considerable sum is raised, I think it will be well to transmit it, hither, to satisfy them that progress is making.

Bruin gives the girls the very highest character. He says they are equal to any white girls, let them be who they may. He says "if there is a real Christian upon earth, he believes Mary Edmondson is one."

They are exceedingly fine girls, you may be assured. I wish they could appear before an audience in the Tabernacle; the money would come along in a hurry.

Yours ever.

The arrangement contemplated in this letter has been made, and thus the matter now stands. A large proportion of the \$600 has been guaranteed by the brother-in-law of the girls, and will be absolutely forfeited, and these objects of our Christian sympathy will be sent away into hopeless bondage, unless the price of their redemption can be immediately made up and remitted to Washington. On being informed of the arrangement for the meeting in the Tabernacle, on the 22d, our correspondent writes, under date of October 16:—

"There will be time for the execution of your excellent plan. Still I pray that no hour or moment may be lost. Let the idea of rapid action be impressed upon the minds of all our friends. My only regret now is, that your great meeting must be delayed for a week. I trust it may be so shaped and prospered as to finish up the whole thing on the spot."

In view of what has now been presented, the committee feel that comment and argument are alike unnecessary to induce their fellow-citizens to contribute to this object. What parents, or brother, or sister, with a knowledge of these facts, will require any solicitation on our part, to aid, according to his or her ability, in restoring these loved ones to the home and hearts of their aged parents, and to a humble share of the blessings of heaven?

ings of that liberty which we so richly enjoy!

Contributions may be inclosed to either member of the committee, or paid over to any pastor or officer of the Episcopal Churches of New York, Brooklyn, or Williamsburgh.

G. PECK,
E. E. GRISWOLD, } Committee.
D. CURRY.
New York, October 21, 1848.

The following is an interesting account of a meeting in New York, on the 23d ult.

"A scene was enacted to-night at the Tabernacle before which all the glories of art and arms pale, and are counted as nothing. A meeting was held to raise \$2,350—the sum demanded by two slave-dealers in Washington, for two young girls of 15 and 17—the daughters of a patriarch of 70 years, who are destined not only to slavery, but a fate far more horrible—a life of shame. They were among the crew of the unfortunate schooner Pearl, and have started once for the South, but were brought back upon a promise that this large sum should be raised. What makes their case the more distressing is, the fact that both are members of the Methodist Episcopal Church; but this fact effected their relief. The Christian woman rallied, and after short addresses by Rev. H. W. Beecher, and Dr. Dowling, a proposition was made to send round the boxes, with a list of the names of the donors, and to make up the deficiency. The first time the box went on its errand of mercy, \$500 were taken, and a scene ensued beyond description. The mass of people were all excitement, and a demand made that the box should go round for the gleesings; and round it went, gathering not only money, but jewelry, torn from the hands and ears of the ladies of the audience, anxious to give their mite. From the audience also arose a cry of, 'I'll take \$100 of that stock; and I \$100; and I \$500; I \$25, until the whole sum was raised. Upon the announcement of this fact, a shout arose, that woke the echoes of the Tabernacle, and testified that New York has still a heart that feels warmly for the oppressed, and a hand liberal to make the heart's promptings effectual for the relief of the slave. The audience separated at 10 1/2 P. M. after singing the Doxology—thus closing, in a most appropriate manner, services that can never be effaced from the minds of those who participated in them."

Mr Whiteside's Great Speech in Defence of Smith O'Brien.

We copy from the report of the Freeman's Journal, the magnificent peroration to the defence of Mr. Whiteside, counsel for Smith O'Brien. It will rank among the most splendid specimens of forensic eloquence.

The boast of British law is, that it abhors the shedding of human blood. Yield to its benign principles, to the generous impulses of your nature, and stand between the prisoner and his grave. A horrible death—a grave he must not have—awaits him. Save him by a human verdict from a fate so dismal. Review his life. From his mother's breast he drank in love of country—from a father's patriotic example the passion grew to a dangerous height. He has indulged, perhaps, a vision, to the peril of life, that Ireland might be a nation and you her guides to wealth and greatness. Is not death upon the scaffold a terrible punishment for the belief, although misguided, that Irishmen had intellect enough to rule the country of their birth? In his childhood he heard that the union with England was carried by corruption. He heard it from an Irish Senator whom money could not purchase—whom "title" could not bribe—who gave his honest vote, and would have freely given his life, to save the perishing Constitution of his country.

That father recounted to my client what Plunket, Bushe and Grattan spoke on the last night of our national existence. How he had been persuaded by the gravity of their arguments, influenced by their ardor, and transported by their eloquence! His youthful imagination, fired by a sense of Ireland's wrongs, dwelt on the days when we had a gentry and a Senate with intense constancy, and the passion grew that he might restore a Parliament to the land he loved. This is his real crime; all his actions were directed to this end, and he has been misled by the too implicit reliance on doctrines unfortunately argued by great lawyers in the heat of a debate which they could not recall, and which have misdirected many. Your countryman followed up these, as he believed, constitutional opinions. He wished posterity to review the political transactions which he had been taught to condemn.

This was the source of all his errors. Bitter disappointment has crushed his ardent hopes; but a preliminary constitution he wished and meant to have given to Ireland. No man's property would have been touched—no law of God or man would have been broken. He was misled into the delusion that Ireland's gentry were qualified for freedom. Loved by those who knew him, generous, disinterested, utterly unselfish through life, humane and tender-hearted—he now stands at the bar of his country, to answer for having meant to kill the Queen, and subvert the Constitution, which in heart he adores. His true offence is, that he counted for what is England's glory, blessing and pride. Deeply he may have erred in pursuit of this darling object—will you arrange his misdirected patriotism by a dreadful death?

You may do so, and so easily inducement would tempt me to say, if you pronounce the awful sentence of guilty—that you have not given the verdict conscience commanded. If his countrymen condemn my client, he will be ready to meet his fate with the faith of a Christian, and with the firmness of a man. [Sensation.] The last accents of his lips will breathe a prayer for Ireland's happiness, Ireland's constitutional freedom. The dread moment that shall precede his moral agonies will be consoled, if through his sufferings and his sacrifice, some system of government shall arise—which I never have seen exist—just, comprehensive and impartial, and above all consistent, which may conduct to wealth, prosperity and greatness, the country he has loved, not wisely, perhaps, but too well.

Would to God Mr. Smith O'Brien were my only client. The future happiness of an honorable, ancient, loyal family is here at stake—the Church, the Bar, the Senate, can furnish relatives, near and dear to this unhappy gentleman, who, although they differ in political opinion, have consented to give him brotherly consolation this melancholy day. Ireland has been the scene of their

benevolent exertions—the source of their joys, their pride; her misery has been their affliction, her gleams of prosperity their delight. With bleeding hearts, should you consign the prisoner to the scaffold, they must henceforth struggle on through a cheerless existence, laboring in sorrow for the country they love.

A venerable lady, who has dwelt amid an affectionate tenantry, spending her income where it was raised, diffusing her charities and her blessings around, awaits now, with trembling heart, your verdict. If a verdict consigning her beloved son to death—that heart will quickly beat no more. Alas! more dreadful—six innocent children will hear from your lips whether they are to be script from an independence which has descended in his family for ages—whether they are to be driven fatherless and beggaried upon the world, by the rigor of a barbarous and cruel law—whether they are to be restored to peace and joy, or plunged into the uttermost depths of a deep despair. There is another who clings to hope—hope, may it be blessed in you. Her life's blood would be gladly shed to save the object of her youthful affections—you will not consign her to an untimely grave!

[During the delivery of this passage the entire audience became visibly moved, and for the first time since the trial, Smith O'Brien's lip quivered, and his eye filled, as the thoughts of a mother, brother, children, and wife mounting over their possible loss was visibly presented to his mind. For a moment he bent his head upon his hand; he firmly pressed his brow for a few seconds and again resumed his wonted calmness. Not so the audience; the bar, the jury, the occupants of the benches, all continued deeply moved, and from many a manly eye, to which tears had long been strangers, the big drops rolled down in rapid succession.

We never remember to have seen so profound a sensation as that produced by the gifted advocate, whose action and tone, far more eloquent than his living words, expressed the deep emotions with which his own heart was moved at an adverse verdict.]

In a case of doubt, at the very worst, let a father's pity be awakened—a husband's love be moved. Let justice be administered—but Justice in Mercy. In no political strains do I seek compassion for my client, even in case of blood. I ask it solemnly in the spirit of our free constitution—in accordance with the rooted principles of our Common Law. This is a case between the Subject and the Crown, wherein these great principles might shine out in glorious perfection. A verdict of acquittal in accordance with this Divine doctrine will not be a triumph over the law, but a triumph of the law. When the Sovereign seals, by her coronation oath, the great compact between the People and Crown, she swears to execute, in all her judgments, Justice in Mercy. [Sensation in court.] That same justice you administer—no rigorous, remorseless, sanguinary code—but justice in mercy.

Where, as here, the crime consists in the intent of the heart, and you can believe that not treasonable, or even doubtful, then, by the solemn obligations even of coldest duty, you should yield to mercy. [Great sensation.] In nothing, though of an immeasurable distance still, do we men on earth so nearly approach the attributes of the Almighty, as in the administration of justice—Divine justice will be tempered with mercy, or dismal would be our fate. As you hope for mercy from the Great Judge, grant it this day. The awful issues of life and death are in our hands—do justice in mercy. The last faint murmur on your quivering lips will be for mercy, ere the immortal spirit shall wing its flight to, I trust, a better and brighter world.

[After a moment of deep emotion, loud and long continued applause followed the close of this magnificent address. The learned advocate had thrown himself with such earnestness into the cause of his client, and felt so profoundly the weight that was upon him, that he seemed quite exhausted as he lay back rather than sat upon the bench. After about three minutes he retired from the court, when the applause was again renewed.]

COMMUNICATIONS.

To the Friends of Liberty and Justice in Ohio and Indiana.

As a Committee appointed for the purpose by "Friends" of the Congregational order, convened in Annual meeting at Green Plain, Clark County, Ohio, on the 29th and 30th of the Tenth month, 1848, we address you upon the subject of the unjust and iniquitous laws which make distinctions between persons on account of color. We suffer with you under a sense of the degraded position we occupy in the estimation of the wise and good world over, by the continuance of these relics of a less enlightened age upon our statute books. We mourn with you, the corruption of the morals of our people they engender, and we are united with you in sympathy with the most deeply injured portion of our fellow-countrymen who are rendered the subjects of so much injustice, contumely and scorn, by their existence. Impressed with these sentiments, we desire to bring into activity such an instrumentality as shall effect their annihilation. To do this, all that to us seems to be necessary, is to arouse and concentrate against them the moral sense of the men and women of our land. We believe the politicians who give shape to the Legislation of the State, await only such action of the people as shall demonstrate to them what is our desire in the matter. To obtain a concentrated expression of the public will, we propose that every man and woman into whose hands this address may fall, and who believes in the propriety of effecting the object at which we aim, shall consider himself or herself especially called upon to circulate the following or some similar petition, obtain every name which can be had in favor of the measure, and see that it shall be transmitted to some member of the Legislature for presentation.

Dear friends, if you will but unite with us

for a vigorous, persevering, and simultaneous effort, it is in our power no doubt now to accomplish this most desirable object. Who will be idle, who negligent, in the performance of this high duty?

THOMAS PENNOCK,
THOMAS SWAYNE,
HULDAH KEYSER,
FREDERICK HOOVER,
RUTH DUGDALE,
JONATHAN HUGHESON,
CATA ALLEN,
VALENTINE NICHOLSON,
ABRAHAM WILLIAMS,
A. BROOKE.

FORM OF PETITION.

To the Senate and House of Representatives of the State of _____

The undersigned, residents of the State of _____, fully represent that we believe all laws making distinctions between persons on account of color, to be unwise, injurious to both white and black, and highly iniquitous; and we therefore respectfully request you to repeal all laws upon our statute books creating such distinctions.

All editors friendly to the object, please copy.

Notes from the Lecturing Field.

New LYME, November 8th, 1848.

My last was written from the Rockwell school house, where we had held one meeting. The second evening increased the number of our audience, as also the attention paid to the discussion of the subject. We had been forewarned in reference to the treatment we might expect at this meeting, and should not have been disappointed if violence had been used. We were, however, disappointed. No violence was offered, although our most radical views were presented without stint. We acted upon the old adage that we "might as well be killed for a sheep as a lamb." The people could not be in a worse state of mind to receive the truth than they are just now. Every one looks with jealousy upon all others, lest their influence should induce some "sovereign" to change his mind and cast his suffrage for the opposing candidate. They cannot conceive how we can lecture on the subject of slavery, without advocating the claims of some person to the Presidential chair.

The friend with whom we staid told us before we left that he had heard so much about us and our views, between the time that he had invited us to stay with him and our coming, that he had made up his mind to let us stay with him over the night, and then tell us that our absence would be preferable to our company. But although he is a Taylor man he had entirely changed his mind, made us welcome, subscribed for the Bugle, and when we left invited us back to the hospitalities of his house, and wished us "God speed."

We then turned our faces towards Pierpoint, where we had two meetings appointed, having gone there a few days previously to make arrangements for the meetings. We had been kindly invited to the house of Mr. Paine, a "Free Soiler;" but, in consequence of unforeseen circumstances, we were provided for at the hotel, a good house kept by a free open-hearted advocate of Van Buren. The meetings at this place were large—the house crowded every meeting. This town cast 99 votes for "Bush White," at the State election, which did not augur very well for their interest in man's redemption. We were pleasantly disappointed. A spirit of honest inquiry seemed to pervade the minds of the people generally. A good deal of inquiry was made, and some considerable opposition to our views manifested, especially on the first evening. In fact the "boys" made quite a demonstration in favor of Old Zack and union, by the firing of crackers and shouts of patriotism. I did not wonder much at these "fire works," when the only way to Fame and the White House lies in the same direction. The hero of Monterey and Buena Vista is to be President by virtue of the quantity of salt petre and brimstone expended by him. It is not presuming too much to suppose that the boys are all aspiring to the same dignified position, and therefore begin on a small, halfpenny scale. Amid the frightening of horses, &c., one young man had his shoulder bone dislocated. After this, the firing ceased. The deadly sin of slavery—the position of the North—the impossibility of freeing ourselves from guilt while in the confederacy—the duty of dissolving the present Federal Compact, &c., were discussed fully for several hours each night—the truth seemed to carry conviction on every side. Our audience were nearly all Taylor men and women. Quite a number of books were sold, and several subscribers obtained. At the close of the meeting I was urged, if possible, to stay and preach next morning (Sunday) at 10 o'clock. I consented, our next meeting being at two, five miles away. The house was full as before. I spoke about two hours on "true religion," showing that the great business of life was, the bettering the condition of our race—that man was the one thing sacred—the hypocrisy of the American Church in professing to be of God, while they sanction the most profligate system of wrong and outrage in the universe. The impression was great. Henry and I were urged to return, which we intend to do, if possible. Our bill at the tavern was paid by the friends, and we left this Taylor place, exclaiming that Publicans and Harlots would enter the Kingdom of God before many of the Scribes and Pharisees.

The Connecticut Reporter is about the only

paper taken in the above town, hence we see the power of the press in controlling the public sentiment of the people. A few Bugles will now go to the office, and I confidently trust that its clear, well-defined notes will arouse, enlighten and save.

I might stop just here, I think, and paralyze the well-known verses—"Pity the sorrows of a poor old man," and thus ask the pity of all to be bestowed upon the lecturing agents at this season. Could you but see these roads, cut and broken as they are, with their almost bottomless mud, with our buggy tossing, plunging, rolling and sticking, you would pity. If you would not, I should feel very much like contesting your claim to human sympathy. By dint of perseverance we arrived at the South school house, in Monroe, where our meeting was advertised for two o'clock. It was cold outside, and no possibility of getting inside. The door was locked, and not a soul to be seen in any direction. We waited awhile, and no one making their appearance, we concluded that our notices had not arrived. We made for the first friend's house. The good matron had heard nothing of the meeting. We again went to the school house, and found three persons there, a fire lighted, and a few more came, which made us feel better. Henry addressed them at some length, and we retired till evening, when the meeting was larger. On the following evening the house was well filled—quite a "revival" in the feelings of all seemed to take place, and the meeting continued till near half past ten o'clock. A spirit of enquiry was awakened, and several papers subscribed for, and some books sold.

From thence we went to Monroe village. This place is the antipodes of Pierpoint;—here they are all Van Buren men, only one or two Taylor men in the place. It is quite a village. We stayed at the house of Mr. Kellogg. The meeting was held in the Congregational church, which, by the way, has no minister at this time. Elder Barriss, of Methodist Episcopal notoriety, resided here three years. Rev. Steadman was stationed on this circuit, I understand, last year. The meeting the first evening was very thinly attended, the females supposing that it was a political lecture, with which, as a matter of course, they have nothing to do.

At the close, a Methodist Brother rose, and stated twice that the North had divided from the South on account of slavery—that there were neither slaveholding preachers nor members in the church North, and that the church was anti-slavery. Of course, we took the very opposite ground, and gave the brother till the following evening to furnish proof. On the second evening the audience was good, but the Methodist friend did not appear, so we invited any other person to take his place. No one felt disposed to do so, and we proceeded to establish our positions, which I think set the matter at rest in the minds of those present.

How wicked and lost to all self-respect must that clergy be, who will try to make their members believe as do those Methodist ministers. Everywhere do they tell the people, "we are free from slavery now."—Henry spoke at length on the Disunion doctrine, and the meeting closed. Everywhere I have marked the difference between those places where Liberty party has had a footing and those where it has had no influence.—In this "Anti-Slavery" village not a subscriber could be obtained, and hardly a book sold. I am glad of the Buffalo movement, for it has consummated the destruction of that party, although it will be some time before their influence will be destroyed.

The snow fell fast all night and rendered the roads almost impassable, although we had to plough through it fifteen or sixteen miles, leaving to go forward and make our appointments, then come back over the same ground to fill others.

At Hatch's Corners we had to hold meetings in a private house. The "Christian" meeting house—the only one in the place—being unfinished and without stoves; and the school house closed, not only against us, but against all kinds of meetings. The Christian house is to be free. In consequence of the uncertainty about a place being obtained for the meeting, and the badness of the roads, the meeting was not very numerous. However, there were enough present to afford a few to oppose and get mad with us. The second night the meeting was larger, and quite interesting.

On Saturday we went into Pennsylvania to make arrangements for our next series of meetings, and drove well on for forty miles through mud and rain. It was long after dark when we arrived at Friend Brooks, at Linesville, where we were gladly met by warm hearts, which I can assure you we needed after such a day. Late as it was, and pouring torrents of rain, Henry and a friend or two went half a mile to attend a free meeting called by the disciples of Zack Taylor. Henry was called upon to speak, but the friends of the man who "has not slept in a civilized bed for forty years," would not allow him to do so.

On Sunday we heard a Unitarian or Universalist preach twice. He said some good things, but of all the "tones," gestures and grimaces I ever heard or saw, he beat all.

When will men take their manhood into the pulpit with them, and appear before their fellow men as equals, instead of making themselves appear like fools by their artificial whinnies and holy gruntings? I am sick of it. It is not often I hear these men who are specially "called," but whenever I do, I become more and more convinced of their utter worthlessness.

I preached at night on the character of a truly Christian man, in contradistinction to the oppressive and wicked character of the mass commonly known as such. We had great attention for two hours, and the next day arrived at home.

This series of meetings have been very encouraging indeed; the fields are white for the harvest. I expect quite a work will be accomplished after the excitement of the election is over.

ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

SALEM, NOVEMBER 17, 1848.

"I LOVE AGITATION WHEN THERE IS CAUSE FOR IT—THE ALARM BELL WHICH STARTLES THE INHABITANTS OF A CITY, SAVES THEM FROM BEING BURNED IN THEIR BEDS."—Edmund Burke.

Persons having business connected with the paper, will please call on James Barnaby, corner of Main and Chestnut streets.

Religious Affinity.

The principles of affinity and repulsion are well known to the chemist; and his experiments, if successful, must be based upon the operation of these laws by which all matter is governed. The same principles are to be found in the mental and moral world, influencing men to unite in associations where affinity exists, or throwing them into hostile attitudes where repulsion prevails; it is these principles which cause governments, parties and sects to fraternize with each other, or to oppose. Freedom and Slavery have no affinity, nor have Peace and War; hence organizations whose object or tendency is to destroy oppression, or to banish violence, cannot unite with those which justify the one or extol the other. Anti-slavery churches cannot unite with pro-slavery churches, nor can anti-war churches unite with pro-war churches. Should they attempt to do so, the price of the union is a forfeiture of their character, for to retain it, they should oppose slavery and war, not only in sentiment but by position, and they cease to do when they fraternize with churches holding opposite doctrines.

There are, however, many churches which attempt practically to illustrate the possibility of serving two masters—praying "Good Lord, good Devil!" Anti-slavery—or rather the professed anti-slavery—has become so popular, that northern churches as well as northern men are beginning to think it honorable to be esteemed as the opponents of slavery; yet very many of these, the vast majority indeed, either directly or indirectly endorse the christian character of pro-slavery churches and slaveholding men. Take for instance, the M. E. Church, an organization, which, ever since the withdrawal of a portion of its southern members, has made—or many of its leaders made for it—flaming professions of abolitionism; and many who are connected with it, and who take the word of those in authority as they would receive gospel truths, doubtless believe that neither in sentiment nor by position does the M. E. church countenance slavery. They have even been taught to believe that the recent difficulty and separation in the church, grew out of an unwillingness on the part of northern members to longer sanction, or seem to sanction the system of slavery, while almost the very reverse was the fact; and if there be any real merit in the separation, it all belongs to the South, who virtually with drew from their northern associates. Who, after hearing the boasts of the M. E. leaders that that church had cleansed its skirts of slavery, would be prepared for the information that it has four slaveholding Conferences within its bounds, that it has slaveholding class-leaders, and slaveholding preachers? And yet such is the fact. The M. E. church being pro-slavery in character and position, it would be unreasonable and unphilosophical to expect it to possess any love for anti-slavery organizations or individuals as such, while it would be reasonable to suppose that the principle of affinity would constantly operate to bring it into fellowship and favor with the oppressors of man.

The church in question has always extended an invitation to the members of the church South to join it at the communion table—although the latter has always been the open defender of slavery—and it now looks back with regret to the time when the two were one. It is anxious that all that was or is unpleasant in their feelings or expression of feelings, shall be forgotten and forgiven, and the members of the two unite, and "live together as brethren of the same great Methodist family." And why should they not, when affinity demands such fraternization? The following extract from the "Pittsburgh Christian Advocate," is more than a straw to indicate the quarter whence the wind blows, for it is the wind itself.

FRATERNIZATION.

Rev. J. Boyle, D. D., one of the corresponding editors of the Methodist Exposition of Cincinnati, says that Bishops Morris and Andrews lately met in the Centenary Church, St. Louis, where they participated together around the sacramental board. "As I saw them kneeling side by side," says he, "at the sacramental table, and together adminis-

tering the symbols of our common redemption to the preachers and private members, the emotions of my heart were inexpressible. Recollections of their former associations, and of the former relations of their respective Churches, came over me, and I could but ask, can we not live together as brethren of the same great Methodist family? Ought we not both to draw upon our past intimacy to heal the wounds and exasperations of the present? Ought not the recollections of past communion to mitigate the asperity and bitterness of our separation? Should not the recollections of those never to be forgotten times when we walked to the house of God, and took sweet counsel together, 'cast redeeming sweets upon apparent defections? The two parties

"Stand aloof, the seats remaining, Like cliffs that have been rent asunder; A dreary sea that flows between; But neither boat, nor frost, nor thunder, Shall wholly do away, I ween, The marks of that which once hath been."

"We feel gratified by the reception of the following letter, and highly value the testimony it contains, coming as it does from one who so well knows the hearts and minds of children, and comprehends their needs."

MARLBORO, Nov. 12, 1848.

To the Readers of the Bugle:

Dear Friends!—Before me is a work entitled "THE YOUNG ABOLITIONISTS, OR CONVERSATIONS ON SLAVERY;" by J. Elizabeth Jones. It is just from the Anti-Slavery press of Boston. I have read this little book with great profit and satisfaction. The principles, practices and spirit of American slavery are brought out in it clearly and distinctly, and to the comprehension of the class of readers for whose benefit it was designed. It was written for children; and the child who begins to read it will not be likely to lay it aside till it is read through. It is in the form of Dialogue, and the conversation is carried on with spirit and animation. The author has contrived to impart instruction to children on the most radical and only true principles of Anti-Slavery. I see not how any child can read that book or hear it read, and not receive lasting benefit.

The writer has done a good work for Anti-Slavery. She has struck a blow for Freedom in the right place. If the children of Ohio could get at that book, and read it, and imbibe its spirit, it would matter but little what constitutions or laws were made to uphold the system of fraud and violence. Slavery would be dead in the State, and nothing could keep it alive. One effort made with children, tells more powerfully against slavery than ten made with adults. Children are born abolitionists; this work is designed to keep them so, and to prevent them from imbibing the spirit of violence and oppression that is so rife around them in this land of boasted liberty. The facts and illustrations embodied in "The Young Abolitionists," are pertinent and forcible, and peculiarly fitted to make a deep and abiding impression on the hearts of children in favor of human liberty. It would greatly benefit the righteous cause of Anti-Slavery, and help to hasten the day of the slave's redemption, if the Abolitionists of this State and of the country would take measures to get that book into general circulation.

I would say for the information of Abolitionists that "The Young Abolitionists" is bound in two kinds of binding—one is 20 cents per copy, retail price; the other, 30 cents. It may be had at the office of the Anti-Slavery Bugle, in Salem.

HENRY C. WRIGHT.

WHICH ARE THE THIEVES?—Two white men from Missouri arrested two colored men in Wisconsin, whom they alleged were their fugitive slaves. They took them before a magistrate in Woodstock, Ill., who refused to have anything to do with the case, except to discharge the prisoners, inasmuch as the arrest had been made in another State. At the instance of the Missourians, the colored men were re-arrested on a charge of horse stealing, but when the case came before the magistrate, this question was raised: inasmuch as the plaintiffs claim both men and horses as property, did the negroes steal the horses, or did the horses steal the negroes? The second examination resulted in a second discharge; and it is said the horses are to be tried at some future time for stealing the negroes. In the rage for suits, the Missourians were fitted with one by the State itself, which charged them with kidnapping. Not being able to find the amount of bail required, \$500, they were obliged to leave that sum on deposit before they were permitted to depart.

ANNEXATION OF CUBA.—The statement that negotiations had been entered into by the Spanish and American governments for the transfer of this island, is pronounced by a Spaniard of New York, who professes to know, to be utterly without foundation.—There is no doubt the slave power of this country would rejoice to have such an accession to its strength; the willingness of Spain to relinquish her claim upon it, is quite another matter. Nor would England quietly submit to its transfer, although her interference in the matter would probably be unpleasing to this nation, and perchance attended with some disagreeable results. The desire for territorial acquisition on the part of the Americans, has just begun fully to develop itself, and England and other European powers feel that its progress must be checked; and they will check it, if not by diplomacy, by force.

The Edmondson Sisters.

The statements respecting these girls, which is given on our first page, is well calculated to interest the feelings of those whose hearts are not as hard as adamant. Yet the case presents no new development of the atrocities of slavery, the fate which threatened them was no worse than that to which tens of thousands are now subjected, there is, and was nothing in their circumstances which especially commends them to the sympathy of the benevolent. Their experience is but a common tale of slavery, all save the sequel, as every abolitionist knows. Yet it is well to sometimes dwell upon a case like theirs, to detach the experience of an individual from the great mass of human suffering, and present it in such a form that the public attention will be attracted to it. Thousands who care but little for the existence of slavery, who look coldly on while millions are degraded, will have their sympathies aroused by this relation of individual outrage.

Mary and Emily Edmondson it appears are both members of that church which declared it had no right, no wish, no intention to interfere between them and their masters—we mean the Methodist Episcopal. They are young girls, seventeen and fifteen years of age, whose characters are irreproachable, and yet they were designed to be sold as prostitutes in the New Orleans market!—Public opinion was not sufficiently regenerated to save them, the religion of the land was not disposed to interfere for their deliverance, and it was only by the payment of \$2,350 they were spared the shame and pollution that awaited them. And this too, in a land which has its thirty thousand pensioned ministers who profess to preach a gospel of freedom and of purity! O, shame!—Church members sold for prostitution! The virtue of young girls a matter for bargain and sale in the market place! Why if the case of the Edmondson girls were an exception to the general treatment of slaves, instead of an every day confirmation of the outrages to which they are at any time liable, the exception ought to be enough to forever damn the system in the estimation of every lover of purity. One such outrage growing out of it in a century, or in ten centuries should consign it to perdition.

But their's is not an excepted case; and while we should be sorry to turn aside from them one drop of sympathy, we claim for one and a half millions of their sex, who are this day, in this land exposed to all to which they were exposed; we claim for them at least equal sympathy and equal efforts for their deliverance. The legal, constitutional right of Bruin and Hill to dispose of them as they designed, cannot be questioned. The Nation's Law gave them this right; and it gives them the right to take the \$2,350 they received for Mary and Emily Edmondson, and purchase four other girls for the New Orleans seraglio. Are not these entitled to sympathy? have they no claims upon humanity, they and the hundreds of thousands who are alike unfortunate? The fearful fate that awaited Mary and Emily Edmondson, but shadows forth the doom to which every female slave in this land is exposed, whether held by professor or non-professor, saint or sinner; and it is not alone for the one or two abolitionists should toil, but for the millions—nothing short of the redemption of all should satisfy them, and that not by purchase, but by argument, not by the power of the almighty dollar, but by the power of Almighty God!

The Bloodhound Candidate Elected.

Sufficient returns have been received to make it pretty evident that Taylor's election is sure. We are not disposed to burn much about it, though we think the man admirably suited to the office, and the office to the man, for who is better qualified to swear to support, maintain and defend a pro-slavery Constitution, than a slaveholder! The smoke of the battle has as yet hardly cleared away so as to afford a distinct view of the field, though it is certain the Democrats are routed "horse, foot, and dragoon."

The number of electoral votes necessary to a choice, is 146. Taylor did not get Ohio, and we are glad of it, inasmuch as Truman Smith & Horace Greely made such tremendous efforts to secure it. A list of the States that have gone for Taylor, or by the parties returns received from them indicate a very strong probability that their votes have been cast for him, we here subjoin, together with the number of their electoral votes:

Pennsylvania,	26	Massachusetts,	12
New Jersey,	7	Maryland,	8
Delaware,	3	New York,	36
Kentucky,	13	Rhode Island,	4
Connecticut,	6	Tennessee,	13
Vermont,	6	Maine,	9
North Carolina,	11		

This would give him 153 votes, 7 more than he needs to secure his election. Maine and Massachusetts are put down for him; for although there was no choice of electors by the popular vote, the Legislatures of those States are of that political complexion that they will undoubtedly cast their influence for him. Several other States are also reported as having gone for him, but the intelligence does not come in quite so reliable a form as those in the above list.

And now shall we wish the voters—Whigs, Democrats, and Free Soilers—joy of their

newly elected President! Should we congratulate them—some having aided, others only consenting—on the elevation of a professional murderer, a contemptible woman whipper, a mean baby stealer, to be their chief ruler and representative of their republicanism; or shall we permit them to enjoy, undisturbed by a single remark at this time, the glorious result of the Presidential contest.

CHARGE OF ABDUCTING SLAVES.—John Wilson, alias Byron Thomas, was arrested at Baltimore on Monday night, in the Philadelphia cars, for attempting to aid six slaves in their escape. It was ascertained that the slaves were the property of persons residing in Talbot county, and that they had been brought to Baltimore in a small vessel, belonging to one Captain Henry H. Baily. The Captain and a hand employed on board the vessel, named Charles Andrews, were arrested with a man named James Worth, who had engaged the captain to do so. Worth having been arrested, was identified by Andrews as being the man, and the agent of the Philadelphia road swore positively that upon the night in question, Worth was at the depot, and offered himself as security to the company if the negroes were allowed to go on to Philadelphia. Wilson is supposed to have been employed by Worth to persuade the slaves to abscond. The parties implicated were all committed in default of \$4,000 bail.

In Baltimore! beneath the very shadow of that prison where Torrey died, and within a few miles of where the heroes of the *Pearl* are confined! Had James Worth forgotten the fate of those martyrs, or had the punishment inflicted upon them no power to deter him from the commission of deeds similar to those for which they were condemned? It would seem as though Torrey's example was contagious. Never, until since his conviction and suffering, had there been so many open, bold attempts to aid the slaves in their escape. And every one who is detected in the act, but makes the hatred of the people for slavery more intense, and adds new fuel to the flames which are consuming it. "The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church." The South will learn ere long the truth of this, and will see within her very borders a bold, widely-diffused action against slavery, which the oppressors can neither control nor escape. Every man who is imprisoned for deeds such as those of Torrey, and Drayton, and Sayres, freed, by his own bondage, not less than a thousand slaves.

Everything tells against the infernal system. Its weapons of defence are converted into means for its own torture and ultimate destruction. Every struggle it makes sinks it deeper and deeper. The light of freedom, which is flashing its brightness throughout the whole world, is every day revealing some deformity in the character of slavery; and men are beginning to see it as the hateful thing it ever has been. In vain are all attempts to save it from destruction; in vain may its defenders resort to the prison, the stake or the gallows; in vain may they furnish to future historians the materials for another "Book of Martyrs," its fate is sealed, its doom is pronounced, and speedily, right speedily, shall the Angel of Truth proclaim "SLAVERY SHALL BE NO MORE!"

The Teeth.

We were shown recently by Dr. J. Harris, of our village, a beautiful set of Porcelain teeth, arranged on gold plate, on the atmospheric pressure principle. They keep their place in the mouth without springs or clasps, and are an admirable substitute for natural teeth, supplying their place not only for purposes of mastication, and in speaking, but having also the pleasing appearance of healthy natural teeth.

Many persons suppose that those whose teeth are all decayed cannot be supplied with artificial sets, as they think there is no way of securing them so as to be comfortable and permanent. This is doubtless a mistake.—We would as soon trust to the durability and utility of teeth inserted on the principle of those above referred to, as any other kind of artificial teeth.

The workmanship of the set shown us by the Doctor was very fine; and we think those wishing to add to their comfort and good looks, by dental aid, will do well to call on him, as he has been at great pains to acquaint himself with the various branches of his profession, and to provide the necessary instruments and materials for pursuing it successfully.—J.

FREE SOIL IN OHIO AND INDIANA.—We commend to the attention of our readers the proposed movement and form of petition for a repeal of the Black Laws in these States, emanating from a meeting held in the southern part of Ohio, for a full notice of which, they are referred to an article among the communications. There is a pretty strong body of politicians in Ohio and Indiana who call themselves Free Soilers; many of the Democrats advocate the doctrine—the rallying cry of the Whigs was "Taylor and Free Soil"; and now we should thank any one to tell us why the soil of these States should be free as free, at least, as it can be while wearing the fetters of constitutional compromise. A general demonstration in the form of petitions would doubtless have a good effect upon the respective Legislatures of the two States; though if the members of those bodies have the ordinary intelligence of political men, they cannot but see which way the tide is setting, and if wise, will not long delay embarking upon the rising waters.

General Items.

Several cases of Cholera have been reported in London, about half of which had proved fatal. It had also made its appearance in Edinburgh; twenty cases out of twenty-five proving fatal.

A Dr. Butler of Liverpool, who was formerly a Catholic Priest, and has been called "the super-stalious champion of Popery," has recently abjured his faith, and united with the Church of England. As he was an illiberal and bigoted Catholic, he will probably be an illiberal and bigoted Episcopalian.

Snakes have been discovered in Texas seven feet in circumference, and from sixty to seventy feet long—so at least says a correspondent of the "Texas Democrat." Wonder whether the snake or the bouncer is the bigger.

The annual emigration from Great Britain for the last seven years, has been 122,000 persons, of whom not less than 115,000 come to America.

Russia has established a penny postage system; and on the 1st of January, the French government will carry letters throughout the extent of their kingdom for four cents.

The railroad fare from Buffalo to Albany, has been reduced to \$9.75, and the travel is now performed in eighteen hours.

Gen. Kearney, whose name is identified with the Fremont trial, recently died at St. Louis.

The election for the President of France probably took place last month. The only two persons who were thought sufficiently popular with the people and government at that time, to warrant a hope of obtaining the chair, were Cavaignac and Lamartine.

BOUNTY LAND.—The regulars and volunteers who served in the Mexican War are entitled to fourteen millions, four hundred thousand acres. This, at \$1.25 per acre, will be another snug little item in the expenses of that crusade.

The authorities of Boston, at an expense of \$5,000,000, have introduced a plentiful supply of pure water into the city. It is brought through an aqueduct from Long Pond, about twenty miles distant. The occasion of its introduction was celebrated by an immense procession of citizens and visitors, by speeches, singing, fireworks &c. All could well join in the demonstration, for its presence will give wealth to the poorest—for is not water, pure water, one of heaven's choicest blessings!

The authorities of New York and of Washington are preparing for the Asiatic Cholera, which in all probability will be here before many months.

Hard Stories.—We see in circulation two surgical stories that are rather hard to be swallowed, save by those who have marvel-lousness reasonably well developed. One, is of a man who had an inch and a quarter iron bar driven through his brains and skull, with no other permanent damage than the loss of an eye. The other is of another man who had a piece of his heart shot away, and survived two days after the accident. In one of the Catholic legends, is the history of a saint who carried his head two miles after decapitation.

Almost a Locomotive Engine.—A famous trotting horse, Trustee, lately trotted twenty miles on the Union course, in twenty five seconds less than an hour. What good was thereby accomplished, the papers do not state.

"'Tis Grease, but living grease no more." One house in Cincinnati last year tried 30,000 hogs, and turned out 3,000,00 pounds of lard.

ELECTIONEERING ANECDOTE.—A few days since the Hon. M. T. McKean, of Washington, addressed a public meeting, composed principally of members of the Society of Friends. After the conclusion of the speech, several of these grave followers of Fox gathered round the orator, who is most deservedly popular with all parties and sects in his country, (or wherever else he is known.) "Friend Thomas," said one of them, who was spokesman to the party, "we cannot agree to vote for you General. These know we are a pacific people, and love not men of war—but, friend Thomas, we will vote for thee, and thee may vote for whom thou pleasest." When it is known that Mr. McKean is the Whig Elector for that District, the point of the old Friend's address becomes apparent.

The readers of the "Pittsburg Commercial Journal," from which the above was taken, will probably regard the occurrence related as quite funny. But if it be true—and it is given as authentic—it is a melancholy picture of the degeneracy of Friends. In the days of the origin of that Society, it was not so with its members; for however they might have been hated and persecuted, they were honored for their devotion to their convictions of right, for their firm adherence to what they believed their duty. But now—and it shames us to say it—the adroitness with which they "whip the devil around the stump," is a subject for jest among politicians whose highest ambition is to be found in the glorification and worship of a warrior and slaveholder.

HOLDEN'S DOLLAR MAGAZINE for November, is illustrated by a wood engraving of Portland Island, and several smaller cuts, including portraits of Cavaignac, the French general; and Orville Dewey, the celebrated Unitarian minister of New York, which are accompanied by interesting sketches of these distinguished persons. Poems, tales, reviews, &c., fill up the remainder of its 60 pages.

EDMUND'S PHYSIOLOGICAL JOURNAL and **MAGAZINE**, (American re-print.) The Fifth No. of this valuable and handsomely executed work, is embellished by a portrait of Dr. Andrew Combe. A well written article on the life and character of this eminent physiological reformer, together with one on Secular Education, from the pen of George Combe, constitute the greater part of the present No.

PRISONER'S FRIEND. We are glad to welcome the November No. of this missionary of humanity. It makes no pretensions to splendor, but is neatly got up, and filled with matter interesting to all who sympathize with that class often more sinned against than sinning—the imprisoned convicts. The editor has labored faithfully to promote the cause of prison reform, to which his life has of latter years been wholly devoted, and he should receive the aid and encouragement of all who wish it well. The No. before us is illustrated with a wood engraving representing "Hannah Bridgman teaching Oliver Caswell to read"—both pupil and instructor being deaf, dumb and blind.

The price of the work is but \$2 a year. Address Charles Spear, Boston.

O'Brien, and several of his fellow patriots against whom sentence of death was pronounced, have had it commuted into transportation for life, a penalty in all conscience sufficiently severe, and which will have a far better effect upon their countrymen, than hanging, drawing and quartering would have had.

THANKSGIVING DAY.—Gov. Webb has appointed the 23rd inst. for a general State thanksgiving. Those who can restrain their thankfulness until then, and pour it all out on that occasion, would do well to remember the day.

PRETTY CLOSE.—It appears from the official returns that the Whig candidate for Governor in Ohio, as well as in Pennsylvania have been elected. Out of a vote of 296,987, Ford had a majority of 345; Johnston's majority out of 336,744 votes, was 303.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON, we are glad to learn, has been much benefited by his visit to the Northampton water cure establishment. His health is sufficiently restored to permit him to resume his editorial labors.

AN ELEVENTH HOUR DOCUMENT.—The U. S. Secretary of State has at last seen fit to address a letter to the U. S. District Attorney of Arkansas, in relation to the proposed "Buffalo Hunt" in Mexico. It bears date of Aug. 30th, and its character may be inferred from the following extracts:

"Without any information upon the subject except that which is derived from the public journals, there is good reason to apprehend that certain citizens of the U. S. are now engaged in preparing a military expedition for the invasion of Mexico. Their object, it seems, is to revolutionize the Northern States of the Republic, and to establish what they denominate the Republic of the Sierra Madre."

"Such an attempt to excite, aid and assist a rebellion against the Mexican Government, would be a flagrant violation of our national obligations. If American citizens can engage in such enterprises with impunity, then the commerce and peace of the country are placed at the mercy of adventurers, who may issue from the United States for the purpose of making war against foreign governments. These remarks apply to our intercourse with all nations; but under existing circumstances, they are more peculiarly applicable to the Mexican Republic than to any other country. In the 6th article of the late Treaty of Peace with the Mexican Republic, it is expressly provided that 'the boundary line, established by this article is religiously respected by each of the two Republics, and no change shall ever be made therein except by the express and free consent of both nations, lawfully given by the General Government of each, in conformity with constitution' and the President, in his message to the Senate of the United States, of the 8th instant, has declared that 'the late Treaty of Peace with Mexico has been and will be faithfully observed on our part.'"

"I am directed by the President, to instruct you to use the utmost vigilance in discovering any violation of the provision of this act throughout your district; and in all cases where the proof which you can obtain shall be deemed sufficient to warrant a conviction, to instruct prosecutions immediately against the offenders. It is your duty, also, to warn all persons who, you have reason to believe, intend to violate this act, that they shall be prosecuted with the utmost rigor in case they should persist."

The honor, as well as the peace of the country, demands that no effort shall be spared to enforce, in good faith, the wise and salutary provisions of this law in favor of the Mexican Republic."

A Colored Legislator.—The Paris correspondent of the Boston Chronotype, says that a white of quite dark complexion has just taken a seat in the French Assembly. It is M. Pory Passy, from Martinique. Though there is African blood in his veins, and most respectable citizens of Boston would not sit at the same table with him—not one of the nine hundred rose to protest against his admission on account of his color. He is a lawyer by profession, an able man and a radical.

Caught in his own Trap.

With all our abhorrence for the gallow, we never pitied *Hansen* as much as the tenderest mercy might prompt; but we have thought, ever since we read his history when a little child, that if any body must be hanged, we could not complain of the selection. So we have felt of the conviction of Doyle, who has just been sentenced by a Kentucky court to twenty years imprisonment in the penitentiary for slave-stealing. He was active in aiding the stampede of slaves from Lexington last spring; but having good reason to believe his design was to betray them to the kidnappers and secure the reward for their recapture, we confess, that cruel as this sentence is, we feel much less pity for him than for the innocent men who trusted him as their friend, and whose ruin he had planned, and whose fate is more dreadful than his. We hope in his confinement he may learn to value liberty for others as well as himself. The treachery and wickedness of his act can scarcely be overrated. To win their confidence—excite their hopes of liberty—held to their lips the delicious draught of the waters of life, and just as they had tasted it, dash it to the earth and hurl them again into slavery, to suffer new agonies and keener anguish—it seems diabolical. If a deed could do worse than this, he must have an inventive genius beyond human conception. How must a man's moral nature have been wrecked—the milk of human kindness turned to venom in his heart—the God within him have been dethroned by insatiable avarice, before he could coolly plan and execute such an act. Yet that man so deformed and degraded, is ready more an object of pity than of horror. In our indignation at his deed, it is hard to turn our hatred from him; we are too apt to forget that he is our brother still, and with a pure and good culture he might have been a blessing to himself, and the world, and that, wrecked as he is, he may yet become good, and make his life useful and happy. But this is no time to him, as of thousands of others, slaveholders, and other criminals, around us, and while we feel that his act deserves the punishment which the tyrants in cruelty are inflicting, our worst wish for him as for them is, that they may repent and know the joys of a noble and true life, and a more perfect liberty than they can ever enjoy while enslaving their brothers.

Can any one inform us whether this *Dog* is the same man who attempted to start a kidnapper's paper in Carlisle, some years since, and afterward kidnapped a colored woman at Hognestown, and attempted to sell her in Baltimore as his slave? The similarity of name, character, and business, has led us to suspect that he is the same person. —*Pa. Freeman.*

SAVING THE FERTILE.—A correspondent of the Boston Chronotype states the following facts as having occurred within his own knowledge: The schooner *Wakulla*, of Castine, one of her crew being a colored man, arrived last July at St. Mary's, Georgia. Knowing the laws relative to negroes, the captain made inquiries and was informed by the authorities that he would be molested. He proceeded to the mills, some distance up the river, loaded, and when returning, to his astonishment, an officer came on board his vessel and arrested him upon a charge of violating the law. He was fined one hundred dollars, which he was compelled to pay before being released. Another vessel from the eastward, with six colored men among her crew, was there at the same time—the captain was deceived in the same manner and obliged to pay six hundred dollars. It was said that the town house or some similar building was to be erected at the place and the authorities desiring to tax their own people as little as possible, adopted this method of defraying the expense.

Has not the North submitted long enough to outrages like this? Is it not time that her citizens should rally in self-defence? The INSURRECTION AT VIENNA.—The German mail has brought tidings of another insurrection and revolution in Vienna, which was terminated, like the first, in the defeat of the military and the flight of the Emperor. The signal for the present uprising was given by the attempts of the Government of the War Minister to remove from the capital certain regiments which had shown sympathy with the popular party. The people prevented the departure of these regiments; which finally joined them, and for the first time in the revolutionary events of Germany, a body of soldiers were found on the side of insurrection. The Minister of War, Count Labouchere, has shared the fate of Count Hamberg and the two Zschyys; and Vienna was in the possession of the insurgents on the 7th. The honors that have been conferred on the *Bien* have been revoked, and it is now to be seen whether he will set up to his asserted intentions—to replace the Emperor firmly on his throne.

Extinguishment of Slavery in Missouri.—The Missourians are discussing the question whether the interests of that State would not be promoted by a Legislative act declaring that no person born in that State after 1860, shall be held as a slave. The St. Louis *Organ* says it should not be surprised if some immediate measures were taken to gradually free the State from the acknowledged evil of Slavery, and adds, that the thousands of immigrants who now avoid that State, and make for territories north of it, will come there, and Missouri will be, in developed resources, what she is naturally, the richest State in the Union.

Hardly Complimentary.—A letter from David Plumb, to the Model Worker, dated Troy, Oct. 31st, 1858, says: At a Free Soil meeting lately held in this city, John Van Buren, in speaking of the acquisition of strength to the Free Soil movement, eulogized the late self-styled Liberty party as a strong force, that party having abandoned its fanatical measure of seeking the abolition of State Slavery, and consenting hereafter to abide by the "compromises of the Constitution" touching the rights of slavery in the States.

A Rebuke.—The Albany Atlas says that a democrat in New York, to whom a commission as Post Master had been sent, to supersede a Free Soil man, declined on account of his attachment to Free Soil principles, burned it publicly, and returned to the Post Master General an indignant and contemptuous refusal of his proffered bribe.

O'BRIEN'S AUTOGRAPH.—The Correspondent of the Waterford Mail says that a gentleman applied on Tuesday to Mr. Smith O'Brien, for his autograph, which was at once given, accompanied by a line of poetry. It is short, graphic, and certainly bespeaks anything but drooping spirits or a sense of guilt. Hear it is:—

"Whether on the gallows high,
Or in the battle's van,
The fittest place for man to die
Is where he dies for man."
—WILLIAM SMITH O'BRIEN.

Movements.—Rev. J. G. Fee, a Presbyterian clergyman, has been constrained to decline the aid heretofore granted him by the American Home Missionary Society, on the ground that the Society assists fifty-five slaveholding churches in one anti-slavery church, thereby neutralizing his testimony against slavery. It is thought that the Society will soon take a higher and better position.

A Law has been passed in Venezuela, prohibiting the importation of slaves into that country, and declaring them to be free, if so imported. Venezuela is called a half-civilized nation.

MARRIED.

On Saturday, 25th inst., by Rev. Mr. Moore of New Lisbon, Mr. DANIEL TUNLEY, of Smith Tp., to Miss MARY McLENNAN, of Knox Tp., Columbians Co., O.

Receipts.

Amos Vickors, Centre Belice,	\$1.00-279
Isaac Brook, New Bedford,	2.00-178
John Canada, Ft. Wayne,	1.00-219
Amey Sharpless, Lowellville,	1.50-208
John Blackledge, Wilkesville,	1.00-219
R. F. Digges, Winchester,	1.50-179
Pratt & Pratt, Pierpont Centre,	50-193
G. W. Paine,	1.00-219
D. A. Parker, South Ridge,	1.00-219
E. W. Howard,	50-193
Sam'l. Myers, New Lisbon,	1.35-208
J. B. Miller, State Line,	1.00-219
J. Richardson, Beck's,	1.00-200
C. D. Edson, Brimfield,	1.00-200
J. Wharton, Kenton,	75-170
S. Thomas, Salem,	50-169

O. S. Lathan should have been credited to 268 instead of 129, as previously acknowledged.

Please take notice, that in the acknowledgment of subscription money for the Bugle, not only is the amount received placed opposite the subscribers name, but also the number of the paper to which he has paid, and which will be found in the outside column of figures.

No subscriber need expect that a reduction from the price of \$150 will be made, unless the money is forwarded at the time specified in the published terms.

Anti-Slavery Meetings.

J. W. WALKER & H. W. CURTIS, Agents of the Western Anti-Slavery Society, will hold Anti-Slavery Meetings as follows: Lockport, " 18th & 19th Francis's Neighborhood, " 20th & 21st Wellsburgh, " 22nd & 23rd Spring Corners, Crawford co. 24th & 26th Conneautville, " 27th & 28th Stearnsburgh, " 29th & 30th Conneaut Centre, " Dec. 1st & 2nd Fish's School House, " 3rd & 4th Linsville, " 5th & 6th

Some of the above meetings will be in places where there are no persons with whom we are acquainted. Will the friends in Lockport, also find Selim Fish and Isaac Brooks take the trouble to notify the meetings to be held in their respective vicinities!

All the above meetings to commence on the first day at candle-light. The meetings at Spring Corners and those held previously, will commence at 10 A. M. on the 2nd day—the remainder at 2 P. M.

Will the Conneautville Center please copy the notices of the above meetings to be held in Pennsylvania!

COVERLET AND INGRAIN CARPET WEAVING.

The subscriber, thankful for past favours conferred the last season, takes this method to inform the public that he still continues in the well-known stand formerly carried on by James McLeran, in the Coverlet and Carpet business.

Directions.—For double coverlets spin the woollen yarn at least 19 cuts to the pound, double and twist 22 cuts, coloring 8 of it red, and 24 blue; or in the same proportions of any other two colors; double and twist of No. 5 cotton; 30 cuts for chain. He has two machines to weave the half-double coverlets. For No. 1, prepare the yarn as follows: double and twist of No. 7 cotton yarn 18 cuts, and 9 cuts of single yarn colored light blue for chain, with 18 cuts of double and twisted woollen, and 18 cuts of No. 9 for filling. For No. 2, prepare of No. 5 cotton yarn, 16 cuts double and twisted, and 9 cuts single, colored light blue, for the chain—17 cuts of double and twisted woollen, and one pound single white cotton for filling. For those two machines spin the woollen yarn nine or ten cuts to the pound.

Plain and figured table linen, &c. woven. ROBERT HINSHILLWOOD, Green street, Salem. June 16th, 1848. 6m-148

FRUIT TREES.

The proprietor has on hand a handsome lot of FRUIT TREES, comprising Apple, Pear, Peach, Plum, and Cherry trees, and some Grape Vines and Ornamental Trees—all of which he will sell on reasonable terms at his residence in Goshen, Mahoning Co., 41 miles north-west of Salem.

ZACHARIAH JENKINS, Jr. August 11, 1848. 1f

POETRY.

For the A. S. Bugle.
To Henry C. Wright.

Oh, say not you are all "alone,"
With God to be your only friend;
Sigh not o'er years forever flown,
"Your life a failure"—wait the end.
Have you not labored for the right
With manly heart and dauntless brow?
In many lands sustained the fight,
And shall your courage fail you now?

Doubt not, my "honored friend and true,"
Bear on, bear nobly on," a while,
Your triumph yet the world shall view—
This Earth with Peace like Eden true.
"Alone with God!" It is not so,
Are you not dear in various climes?
You scatter love where'er you go,
And you shall gather many minds;

Shall shake the throne of old Abuse,
And hurl their superstructure down,
Shall "plant waste places," and for use,
Rear lasting structures of renown.
Ohio too, shall hail the day
When first you trod her free-born soil,
Proclaiming truth, without disguise,
And honoring virtuous, manly toil.

And the shall treasure up the word
That fell broad-cast round your way,
Remember, act, and praise the Lord
And you; as happy nations may.
Prosperous and strong, you yet may see,
And vigorous in their mighty growth,
Those plants—yes, like "a broad fair tree,"
Those living seeds of potent truth,

Which you have spoken day by day,
Uncompromising, firm and strong,
And acting out, have led the way,
Self-sacrificing, much and long.
Those uttered truths have taken hold;
For mind is in this western land,
Yes, thinking heads; hearts free and bold,
Hands active—a firm phalanx band—

Shall rise in strength, determined, brave,
Proclaim their rights, maintain with might
Their homes protect, their Country save
From Slavery, War and Priestly blight.
You are not—cannot be, alone,
For friends are gathering round your cause,
They thank you, love you, and as one,
Sustain you with sincere applause.

"Alone," ah no! not now; no more
Shall you unaided stand or fall,
Firm friends you have, the time is o'er
When man regardless heard your call.
True friend of God, and friend of man,
Your name shall stand recorded high,
When Earth's redeemed from error's ban
And superstitions, subtle lie,

Which now would sanction glaring wrong,
And strive to blind the mental light,
Aid Sin and Satan, battle strong
To stop, destroy, the beaming light
That now is bursting on the world,
Awaking millions from the sleep
Of ages—but a flag's unfurled
And proudly waving from the steep
Of many a high conspicuous place,
Wrought out by Heaven (proud intellect)
Destined to save the struggling race,
Which neither will or can be checked.
Oppression's thrall must yield to right,
For "truth is strong;" and will prevail;
Too long, too long, this weary night
Hath darkened mind, in hill and vale.

Then cheer you, on your mission bright,
Firm be your faith, your courage strong;
For Earth will bless you for the light—
The God-like Truth, which loud & long
You have proclaimed with manly brow,
With conscientious faithfulness,
Even when, besetted more than now,
Man thanked you for your labor less.

A time is coming, yes, is near,
When you and those who long have striven,
Will to this Nation's heart be dear,
And rest within the destined haven.
All will be well! (dissement soon
Must waken into life and see
That she was blindfold, though as noon
The light poured down,) man must be free.

The scales are falling. Then will come
The time when Temples of true fame
Will rise in many a happy home;
And grateful to the world proclaim
All you have suffered, all you strove,
To save the world from dark oppression,
To spread the law of Peace and Love,
And teach mankind their true progression!

Laurels shall rest upon your brow,
Unfading as the rays of light,
When heads that wear crowns of honors now
Are spurned for their corrupting blight.
Prostrate will be the power of some,
Exalted high, and mighty now,
How gladly would they grasp the home
And future fame of such as thou!

Then cheer you, on your homeward track,
And Heaven speed the joyous hour
When we may greet you welcome back
To aid and bless us with your power.
Your bright example cheers us on—
Then come again and take the van,
We need your counsel, till is won
Redemption for our brother man.

Then fare thee well, my honored friend,
God speed you on your peaceful way,
With patience wait, the certain end—
The coming of the better day!
And you shall never be alone,
While in this mundane world you move,
We will be with you when you're gone,
In spirit, and the bonds of love.
Marlborough, O., Nov. 5, 1848. R.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Indian Payment.

BY PHILIP S. WHITE.

"He was in form and mind a noble chief,
The unfortunate Neneh ventured here all
In this frail bark, and the wreck was total."

In the fall of 1847, there was seen congregating along the shores of Mackinaw, a flotilla of birchen canoes, laden with furs and material for wigwams, and so dexterously managed, as to resemble truly, so many "things of life," under the skillful guidance of the practiced Chippewas. Beneath the old fort, bristled with implements of destruction, were seen squaws, Yankee traders, and Canadian French, busily engaged in the erection of booths, shanties and wigwams, and reveling in the anticipations of the profits now indulgence of the following day.

Here might be seen an old trader, or swarthy "coureur de bois," cautioning a credulous chief, in his native tongue, to beware of the pale-faced Yankees; there a regular Jonathan, through an interpreter, eloquently urging upon the untutored son of the forest, that he was the Indian's friend, that the old traders had too long imposed upon them, and as an earnest of the truth of his asseverations, as well as to secure him as a purchaser at his shanty on the morrow, he stealthily introduced through an aperture in the back part of his tent, the confiding savage to an acquaintance with the whiskey bottle.

Amid the bustle and eagerness of preparation, professions of friendship and disgusting familiarity, the day wore away, and the unclouded sun descending behind the blue vaulted heaven, sank gorgeously behind the bastions and battlements of that old time-worn fortress, now crumbling in ruins, and so beautifully described by a French writer, as

"Ayant l'air d'un débris, sans l'air antique."

Did those legitimate sons of ruthless speculation pause to consider the temporary adieu of that glorious circular light of our earthly inheritance, as his native eyes played the rapturous heights of Mackinaw? Oh, no! through the reckless passion for gain, excited by the soul-destroying contents of a junk bottle, they saw another circular light, to them infinitely more engaging, upon one side of which was newly stamped at the mint, the Goddess of Liberty, and thirteen stars—"the almighty dollar"—the inordinate love of which, has degraded American character irreparably in the estimation of the moral world.

During the evening of that day, some of the chiefs, by virtue of their supposed influence, and an emphatic promise to exert it on the morrow, enjoyed some of the spirited hospitality of the trader, and at ten o'clock commenced the "medicine dance," most comfortably drunk. A description of this singular dance would be too long for an insertion here, suffice it to say, that a dog is sacrificed to "Manitou," or the Evil Spirit, to appease his wrath, while it gratifies after the ceremony, the appetite of the dancers; and if all the diseases known to them, which may afflict the tribe, are not cured by the *hocus* powers of their "medicine men" during that ceremony, why the Great Spirit has ordained it otherwise. From these revels and vanities, night stole into morning, and the great god of day wheeling up from behind the latitudes of the Evil Spirit, dispelling the gray vapors which coated densely Huron's waves, smiled again in general majesty upon the "Turtle's Back." From the shanties were seen suspended trinkets, blankets, red calicoes, and, to a practiced eye, certain slight elevations of ground, within which might or might not be contained as many whiskey barrels. An officer, with a detachment of men from the fort, whose duty it was to see that no intoxicating liquors were sold upon the ground, might be seen pompously peering into the shanties for that purpose, but for the soul of him, he could see no more there, than was absolutely necessary for the comfort of an officer, and a gentleman. He considered it vulgar, perhaps, to suspect his friend of so flagrant a violation of the law, and thereupon would institute no inquiry. The articles were of a coarse and worthless texture, and manufactured especially for that market.

The great body of Indians were lounging about begging for rum, surveying the bright red colors which hung out in gaudy profusion, and waiting, as impatiently as their stolid character would permit, for the avowal of the occasion which was to afford them means to gratify their curiosity, and depraved appetites.

Inquiries were rife for the whereabouts of the *primum mobile* of the ceremony, who presently made his appearance in the person of the Indian Agent.

Surrounded by kegs of silver, our worthy centre of attraction, having appointed his tellers, commenced with a descending scale, to distribute to each of the tribe their respective quota of their annuity. Around the place of payment could be seen a horde of hungry expectants, whose morals peculiarly fitted them for the confines of civilization, watching with an eagle's eye each poor "nechee," as he received his share of the proceeds; their eager and practised eye followed him to the outlet of the enclosure, pounced upon him as the hawk on its intended victim, led him to his magazine of worthless curiosities, and with the dexterity of a magician, transferred the larger portion of his pocket, the "needful" into the pulchre of his pocket. Every trader was now on the *qui vive* to assure the confiding nechee that he was his best friend, and he no sooner convinced him of this important fact, than a downright robbery established the truth of his professions.

If the poor Indian should cautiously insinuate that the supply was inadequate to the investment, or that a very honest mistake existed as to the amount paid out, the index of the right hand meeting instantly to the nasal organ, that of the left hand elongating itself simultaneously in the direction of a rum cask, and a peculiarly knowing squint of the eye, was so conspicuous a pantomime to poor nechee, as to suppress all predatory imaginings.

The payment being over, and the soldiery having left, a scene was instantly presented which beggars all graphic skill. With the despatch and hurly-burly of a crew in a squall, barrels were rolled from every tent, and heads stared in, every species of portable vessel in the country in active use; men, squaws, and children, rushed with the eagerness of wolves, to glut their unnatural appetites. The kegs of silver soon passed through the Indian's hand into the pockets of the ruthless trader, and in the short space of an hour, three-fourths of the tribe were to be seen, some rolling on the ground unable to rise, others yelling and whooping under the influence of the maddening bowl, which fanned into flame the smoldering embers of discordant feeling, and planted the fatal knife in the bosom of some of his helpless victims.

On one part of the ground could be seen an infuriated wretch dragging by the hair his bleeding wife; on another, civilized men engaged in what the ink to my faithful pen would blush to develop. As the evening advanced, the yellings of the phrenzied savage became hoarser and fainter, until exhausted Nature sank upon the ground, and night to mercy threw her sable mantle o'er the soul-adorning scene. O man! to what base purpose can't thy God-like soul descend!

During the day, I could not but observe a young man whose manner and accent was evidently a title page to the land of "wooden nutmegs," he had been rapidly disposing of his "notions" at a most enormous profit, but when he arrived at that part of the performance which, to fill up the measure of the trader's character, it was necessary to fill up the measure of the "liquid fire," I thought I perceived about him a conscience-bell sort of look, that was mightily at conflict with the effects of early instruction, and parental admonition. Having disposed of his goods and his barrel of whiskey, at about six times their original cost, he leaned against his shanty, and gazing upon the moral degradation which surrounded him, apparently in deep thought, he exclaimed—"And this is an Indian payment!" His memory springing from the warm feelings of his heart, flew to his native home—recognised the moral and divine precepts which he was wont to hear from maternal lips, and for the moment he was sad—but he thought again of his profits, and labored to reconcile offended sensibility with the custom of the country. Thus does familiarity strip vice of her enormity; thus does baleful example breathe pestilence and moral death.

On the following day the traders commenced packing up what remnants of goods they had on hand, preparatory to a move; and really they seemed to me while walking about the ground, still strewn with the apparently dead and dying Indians, like these ravenous harpies who feed in the wake of a victor, as our army for the purpose of plundering the dying soldiery.

A little distance from the payment ground on a small eminence, stood a most interesting and conspicuous group.

"Who is that tall, well-shaped Indian with the gaudy plumes waving above his high retiring forehead," said Major B.

"The four persons who compose that group," replied Lieutenant Wood, "are so seldom in this section of the world, that I am resolved at once to go to the old Chief, and to the dignified, erect personage to whom you refer, is the Chief of the Chippewas nation. The one with whom he is conversing, is the famous White Bear, the orator, and a Chief among the Winnebagoes; the interesting Neneh, the female near him, is his daughter, and supposed to be the most beautiful woman among all the Western tribes of Indians. She is said to be engaged to Tuthamachee, the bold young Chippewa who stands near her, and if you knew them you would agree with me in the opinion that Heaven has formed them for each other."

"Does he speak English?" said Major B.

"He speaks passably well, though he has never been in the white settlements; the old Chief, his father, though engaging a white teacher to instruct him, has studiously, until this payment, prevented him from any intercourse with what he calls the corrupt pale faces."

"How is his mind?" said the Major, as his face and eye seemed to impart new vivacity and interest.

"His mind," said his friend, "most possesses extraordinary powers, if we compare his rapid advancement with the length of time employed in the prosecution of his studies."

Major B., then on a visit to the "Far West" for the first time, was a wealthy and philanthropic citizen of Boston, and fired with the laudable desire of rescuing a genius like that of Tuthamachee, from moulding itself to the exigencies of a bare subsistence in the forest, resolved at once to go to the old Chief, combat his prejudices, point out the advantages of civilization, and procure permission for the young Chief to accompany him to Boston; so in company with the Lieutenant and myself, he approached the venerable Chief, and acquainted him with his designs. The old man listened to the advantages set forth in the education of his son, with dignified composure, while Neneh and Tuthamachee grasped each other's hands, and appeared deeply agitated. The Major having finished speaking, the weather-beaten old patriarch, cloaked in lock and attitude, drew closely around him his rich quilt-embroidered robe, and pointing to the ground where lay, or were staggering about, hundreds of his once noble warriors, now self-debated and senseless.

"Look," said he, as a scowl sat upon his bronzed visage, "look upon that scene; contemplate those poor victims to the unnatural vices of civilized cupidity. They are human beings, with features, mind, statue and sympathy like your own; stamped with the impress of the Inevitable One. Once free in freedom, unfettered by cares, bold in the chase, and fettered by no law, save that of honor, and the power of the Great Spirit, they have yielded to the white man's artifice, their primitive character has been debased, their limbs made bare and enervated, their habits changed, their honor sullied, cheated of their rightful dues, and their friends and relatives hurried to a premature grave by that accursed 'fire-water,' which has swept, like the devastating flame upon the prairie, over the poor Indian's physical and moral nature. Oh! how this old heart bleeds, when I remember the bold elastic step, the proud high-bearing of Nature's noblemen—once the undisputed owners of these vast hunting grounds—once in numbers countless as the leaves of yonder forest, now in the autumn of their national existence, and fast falling 'to the shades of their fathers' toward the setting sun; can you, and a tear stole along the old Chief's furrowed cheek, 'can you, I say, look upon

that scene, and ask me to submit this noble staff of my declining years, to become another victim of your refined and boasted culture? Oh no! let this star rise and fall in its natural brightness."

"You have drawn an exciting picture," rejoined the Major, "and have stamped in many parts. I confess, with too much fidelity; but are you not judging my countrymen generally, by a few unprincipled men, who live about the confines of your territories, because they can live no where else?"

"Why it is true," said the Chief, "that the moral sense sits more lightly perhaps on this class of people, than the great body of pale faces; yet during my visit to our great father, the President, in which I attempted to study your character, I thought I perceived of these 'moral sense' by which I mean those habits which are most remote from the design of the Great Spirit, in our conduct through life. I saw, even at the Capitol, men standing behind a counter dealing out this life destroying drink, and all classes of persons, even your members of Congress, encouraging the shameful practice both by example and solicitation. Men would enter these houses like rational beings, and come out like drizzling idiots; I saw one portion of your citizens in slavery while your laws breathe nought but liberty and equality; and I said to myself, if these be the evils incident to civilization, the red man's happiness would be better promoted without it."

"It is true," said the Major, "there are many stains upon our national character, and you have mentioned the most objectionable; but in my section of the country these evils do not exist but partially. Besides, by being educated there, Tuthamachee would be free from vicious influences, would study the better part of our life, and would be enabled to record the annals of your nation, publish to the world a history of your grievances, adorning its pages with many of your virtues, and giving to posterity the means of knowing you and your warriors, intimately, long after you have been gathered to the shades of your fathers."

This appeal to the old man's vanity, was one of that species of *argumentum ad hominem* which rarely ever fails of affecting its purpose. The old man already saw himself breaking and speaking upon the records of the distant future, and in that thought, like Aaron's rod, was merged all others. So the old Ethela, after a short interview with the orator of the Winnebagoes, reluctantly consented. It was an important step in the old Chief's life; poor Neneh's heart trembled with dark forebodings of the future. Tuthamachee was in the April of his years; tall, commanding, and of such a form as Angelo would have selected as a perfect model. His port of firm and dignified; his wild dark eye lit up a countenance which was ever and anon mantling with luxuriant thought. Like a limpid brook in some sequestered glen, did his playful mind roll on in sparkling purity and innocence; though susceptible of the tenderest humanities, his bright joys had never, until this moment, been darkened by the gloomy shadows of coming events. This interruption of the even tenor of his happiness, was the thought of a long, perhaps a final separation from his beautiful Neneh. The boat which was to convey him to the land he knew, and of which he was now in readiness after taking leave of his friends, he extended his hand mechanically to Neneh, and tears pronounced the sad farewell. Landed at Boston, Tuthamachee was the admired of every one; the Major occupied him in showing him all the lions of that Athens of America; it was some weeks before his uncultivated friend entered upon a course of studies. Having commenced, however, the duties assigned him, his progress was extraordinary. Directing the various powers of a vigorous mind upon a single subject, he obtained a mastery over it almost without an effort. Nature indeed, as if merciful to his limited means of instruction in his forest home, in a freak of liberality, seemed disposed to lavish upon him intuitive talents, which almost set at defiance the necessity of education.

His rapid strides in the acquisition of knowledge made him an object of interest to all who sought his acquaintance. During his leisure hours, his society would be solicited at eating-houses, places of amusement, and the sparkling wine would be offered as a token of respect; months rolled on, and the pleasures of learning, by evil communion, as if merciful to his limited means of instruction in his forest home, in a freak of liberality, seemed disposed to lavish upon him intuitive talents, which almost set at defiance the necessity of education.

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By the liberality of Major B., he had whatever money he required, and he found no scarcity of heartless parasites to help him to employ it. On the morrow of such debaucheries, with an aching head and longing heart, would he sigh for his own proud woodlands. Often, in bitter fancy, would he revisit the flower-bemantled banks of those noble rivers, along which, Naid-like, used to roll the beautiful Neneh, and turn reluctantly to his wearisome duties. I have said that this wild Indian girl was beautiful; she had, as Miss Edgeworth, I think, says of her wild Irish girl, none of that effulgent *lumen purpureum* which poets assign to the bright emanations of divine beauty, but something indescribably primitive and beautifully wild about her air and look. In a word, there was a fugitive and artless *naïveté* playing about her which, if not beautiful, was at least the cause of beauty. Eighteen weary months had been registered on the past, since Tuthamachee had left his "dark-eyed one," and his romantic home, when the almost disconsolate Neneh prevailed upon her father, to accompany her to the village of the Chippewas, in search of tidings of her long lost lover. Ah! little did she think that in the refined society of Boston, that men who were denominated gentlemen, had riveted upon her young and noble Chief, a habit of vicious indulgence, which had made him an outcast and a sot! Yet it was true. He had been taught how beautiful was civilization and society; he had associated with the favored ones of fortune; it was fashionable among them to "larry long at the wine," he followed their example, and it proved his ruin. The Major used all means in his power to cure the inveterate propensity, but in vain; his evil association had sealed his destiny.

Major B. deeply deploring, but unable to remedy it, furnished him with means and urged his immediate return. Bloated, self-debated, and abandoned, he sat upon his poverty pilgrimage to his father's roof, resolving upon reformation, but with means at hand, and temptations ever before him, his resolutions were but baseless visions. Arriving at the Sioux St. Marie, he purchased enough rum to last him home, when he intended to abandon its use forever. A few hours after the supply had been consumed, and being within but a few miles of his native village, meditating upon the checkered scene of the last two years, and the criminality of his

vicious indulgences—his nervous system in a tremulous condition—he became, he knew not why, excessively alarmed; poisoned arrows whizzed by him from unknown quarters; unnatural forms of human beings springing from dark ravines, with implements of destruction, would pursue him; demons with blood-shot eyes holding in their hellish grasp daggers reeking with the crimson gore of life, were lying menacingly round and about him; he fled in terror for his life, burst into his father's house, and with a determination of blood to the brain, fell dead upon the floor, a victim to *delirium tremens*. Bending over the lifeless body of his brightest hopes, did the old Chief gaze in wonder and in tears.

"What demon of destruction," said he, as he hurriedly watched after the cause, "has seized upon my noble boy? What fiend from the hellish precincts of civilization, has brought home a father's hope in mockery, to be murdered before a father's eyes? Here, here it is," exclaimed the poor old man, as he snatched from the pocket of the lifeless son, a black bottle reeking with the mephitic vapors of New England rum. Reader, shall I describe the maniac state of old Ethela, as he gazed upon that bottle? Shall I here record his horrid impressions upon that system of society which nurtures and imparts that most loathsome of all accursed practices? Oh no, we are component parts of that society, and some of us may deem, unthinkingly, the practice innocent!

About a month from that day, so sadly eventful to that once happy family, might be seen standing near a pile of stones which marked the grave of Tuthamachee, a female form, like an angel of pity, weeping o'er the cold and silent leap—her dark lustrous eyes swimming in tears, were riveted upon the spot—for in that grave reposed the ashes of all her affection. Nothing could have been more wildly melancholy than the sorrows of poor Neneh for Tuthamachee—every sigh breathed a tale of hopeless misery. Oh! who could not have wept to have heard her, and "found a luxury in tears!" She tore herself away, and resolved to sleep in oblivion the story of his wrongs.

"She strayed along the sedgy brook,
And marked the blue birds' song;
But neither flower, nor bird, nor brook,
Could cheat her memory long.

Her thoughts flew back to moments past,
And then she sighed in vain;
Her drooping heart was broke at last—
She never smiled again."

Poor Neneh wended her weary way homeward, and in a few months slept in that narrow house where sorrows shall cease.

"Early, bright, transient, chaste as morning dew,
She sparkled, was exhaled, and went to heaven."

From the New England Offering.

"O, the mistress says it is time to take up school."

"Do you allow for us to write this evening?" This presents another difficulty.—"There was no desk or table; but the art of penmanship must be taught, since it was so 'nominated in the bond.' The ready invention of the children supplies a way. The high bench which James had chosen is placed behind a lower one, and serves the purpose of a desk.

The spelling class next requires attention. Delightful! every child has Webster's spelling book. But one or two has disappeared between the boards, and the entrance to the lower regions is raised by two stout girls, revealing the missing volumes, together with bits of earthen ware, paper, rags, &c. It is again closed; but before the word is fairly spelled, the tramp of cloven feet is heard; a horned head is thrust in at the possibility of a window; at the same time a timid 'baa, baa, echoes over the prairie, and a crowd of very sheepish looking spectators surround the door. "Shoe!" cries the young gentleman who wishes school to "quit commencing," involuntarily leaping from his seat—and with one bound our visitors are gone.

Wisdom allows nothing to be good that will not be so forever; no man to be happy, but he that needs no other happiness than what he has within himself; no man to be great or powerful that is not master of himself.—Seneca.

Every state and condition of life, if attended with virtue, is undisturbed and delightful; but when it is intermixed, it renders even things that appear good, painful, and magnificent, distasteful and uneasy to the possessor.—Plutarch.

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Agents for the "Bugle."
—:—:
OHIO.
New Garden; David L. Galbreath, and I Johnson.
Columbiana; Lot Holmes.
Cool Springs; Mahlon Irvin.
Berlin; Jacob H. Barnes.
Marlboro; Dr. K. G. Thomas.
Lawrenceville; John Wetmore.
Lowville; John Bissell.
Youngstown; J. S. Johnson.
New Lyme; Marsena Miller.
Selma; Thomas Swaine.
Springboro; Ira Thomas.
Harveysburg; V. Nicholson.
Oakland; Elizabeth Brooke.
Chagrin Falls; S. Dickenson.
Columbus; W. W. Pollard.
Georgetown; Ruth Cope.
Bundysburg; Alex. Glenn.
Farmington; Willard Curtis.
Rath; J. H. Lanert.
Newton Falls; Dr. Homer Earle.
Ravenna; Joseph Carroll.
Wilkesville; Hannah T. Thomas.
Southington; Caleb Greene.
Mt. Union; Joseph Barnaby.
Malta; Wm. Cope.
Richfield; Jerome Harburt, Elijah Peor.
Lodi; Dr. Still.
Chester & Roads; H. W. Curtis.
Painesville; F. McGrew.
Franklin Mills; Isaac Russell.
Granger; L. Hill.
Hartford; G. W. Bushnell, and Wm. J. Bright.
Garrettsville; A. Joiner.
Andover; A. G. Garlick and J. F. Whitmore.
Acher Town; A. G. Richardson.

PENNSYLVANIA
Pittsburgh H. Vashon.